THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 22, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, March 22, 1933 No. 1527. Vol. CXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Edmund Harrington

THE LADY ANNE HOPE

Lady Anne Hope is the eldest of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow's three daughters, and one of the most charming and attractive of the ex-débutante set; she is nineteen this year. Her sister, Lady Joan Hope, who is a year younger, is just out, and will be presented at Court this summer. Their brother, the Earl of Hopetoun, comes of age next week

Above, left, are Mrs. McCorquodale and Mrs. Idare Mitchell talking to Mr. Basil Baxendale, whose wife organised this amusing and successful party, and next them are Mr. J. St. C. Ruthven and Mrs. Charles Morgan (Hilda Vaughan), the well-known novelist

Left: Mrs. Basil Baxendale, the moving spirit of the evening. She is well-known as an artist, as is also her husband

In Aid of the People's Dispensary

The Hon. Vanda Vivian, Mr. FitzWilliam Barrington, and for the camera in front of the buffet. The stand-up supper combinations of delicacies, winkles and champagne, and

Left: Mrs. J. A. Spencer and Mr. Ronald Higham busy with a sandwich and a cigarette, came into the camera's eye farther down the long buffet

Below, left: Mr. Edmund Birkbeck, and Miss Patricia Jameson were photographed between dances

Below: Simon, Mrs. Baxendale's Dalmatian, was an appropriate guest, considering the "good cause" of the party; Mrs. Sonnie Hale was one of his numerous admirers

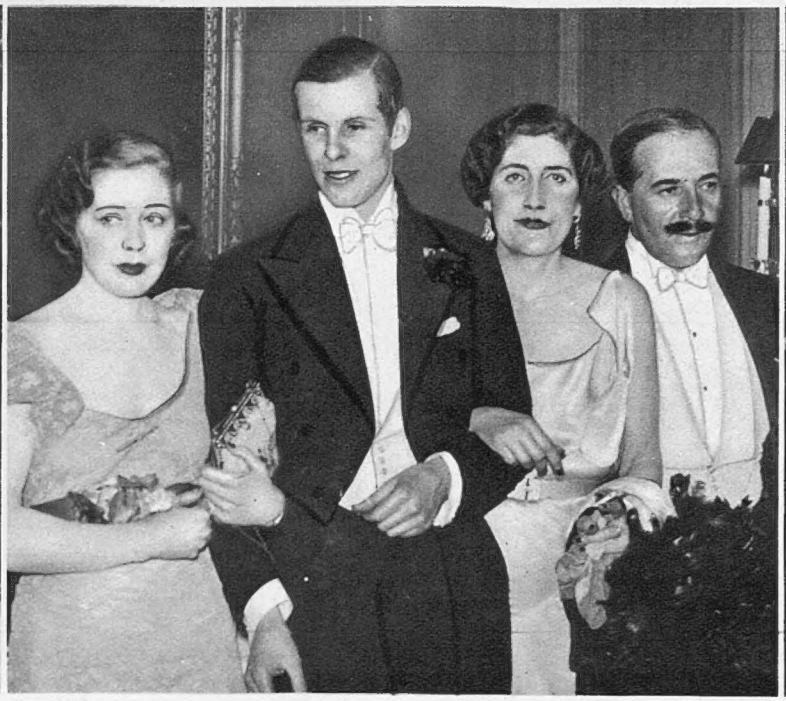
The PASSING

QUITE the most interesting piece of news of the week is that the Prince of Wales has taken Lord Dudley's villa at Le Touquet for the whole of the summer season. This is one of the most attractive in the place, and it does not surprise us that, as an immediate consequence, the local estate agents have put up the prices of all the other villas quite considerably.

LAST year H.R.H. played golf at Sunningdale for the earlier part of the summer holidays and then went down to Biarritz. In these troublous times, though, Biarritz is rather a long way from home, whereas with his latest aeroplane he can fly to Le Touquet within an hour from Windsor Great Park. Incidentally, Imperial Airways are arranging a week-end service to Le Touquet for £6 return, beginning on April 9th.

THIS year Easter is much later than usual, but I hear that many parties are already being arranged for the Picardy Hotel, which will, however, close again, like a beautiful rose, before reopening for Whitsun. The Casino will open from April 13th to April 24th, and then will close until May 25th, when it will remain open until October. The golf course is, of course, open all the year round.

MEANTIME, the Le Touquet authorities hope that by Whitsun the law against roulette in France will have been



for Sick Animals of the Poor: Mrs. Basil Baxendale's Party

Mr. Roath Haggerston line up menu included those famous dripping-toast and brandy

Another line-up was posed by Miss Norah Tracey, the Hon. Anthony Vivian, and Captain and Mrs. Hoare. The Hon. Anthony Vivian was conducting his dance band, which was playing at the party

Miss Clare Hanson, Lady Hanson's daughter, and Sir William Williams were two more at 16, Bruton Street, where the party was held

HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

lifted and professional gamblers will be able to go over and back zero, instead of having to go all the way to Monte Carlo. For we hear that there is every likelihood that the tables will include a zero, and thus avoid the Belgian nuisance of having five per cent. deducted from the winning stakes, as they do at Ostend.

ANOTHER piece of news for you is that Hitler has closed up all the naughty places in Berlin. Shuttered is Eldorado; closed are Silhouette and Geisha and Monocle and all the other "joints." Visitors, as well as Berliners, must be good, by order of the Chancellor. Even the nudist magazines are being suppressed. They say in Berlin that Hitler speaks on the telephone three hours a day to Mussolini to get tips on how to be a successful dictator.

Janet Jevons

Miss Bunting Stephenson

A new portrait of Sir Denzil Cope's attractive niece, who is one of the best-known and successful society mannequins. She has just left London for Palestine, where she is going to visit her brother, Mr. Bobby Stephenson, and is working her way out there as a stewardess on a Norwegian cargo-boat: an undertaking which gets full marks for originality and courage

WELL, we hope you all enjoyed THE BYSTANDER'S £500 Trophy golf meeting at Felixstowe. At the moment of writing it is impossible to tell whether anyone has yet been able to lower the amateur record of the course. This has been held for some years by none other than Mr. Gossip, of the *Daily Sketch*, who made it when an undergraduate at Cambridge. Our own chief recollection of Felixstowe and the Felix Hotel is of meeting Lord Kenmare there. You would never suppose for a moment that he was the father of the portly Viscount.

THERE have not been many parties this week. One was given by Lady Phyllis Allen in Mount Row, where her ex-mother-in-law has bought and redecorated four little houses. They are charmingly furnished in the antique manner by her own antique factory, which is all very enterprising of her. Mr. Oliver Baldwin, with his mass of blonde hair carefully brushed back, took up a commanding position by the cocktail bar. Lady Seafield said that she only went to the Riviera in the summer. Mr. Michael Renshawe looked more than ever like a tall edition of Prince George.

Débutante Programme-Sellers at the Garrick Theatre

Above: Miss Chloe Buxton and Miss Anne Macpherson Grant were two of the programme-sellers at the Fellowship of St. Christopher Matinée held at the Garrick last week

Top, left: Miss Dorothy North and Miss Sanchia Whitworth were two more 1933 debs who helped at the Garrick Theatre

Left: Miss Helen Trafford and Miss Clemency Gore Browne with their programmes of "The Liars," Henry Arthur Jones' comedy, which was the "piece" of the afternoon

Below, left: The Hon. Elizabeth Petre and Miss Daphne Mulholland, Lady Cavan's daughter, were yet another couple in Miss Irene Vanbrugh's team of programme-girls

IT was at this party peripatetic Jim Lawrence confided in us sadly that he had to live in the country and work very hard on his second attempt at the Chartered Accountants' examination, which baffled him last time. Mrs. Rex Colclough looked prettier than ever. Miss Celia Palmer said that Lord Milton had just bought ten of those silver and paste circular clips for the bridesmaids at his wedding next month. And everybody had a good time.

THE death of Anny Ahlers came as a terrible shock to the whole of Mayfair. She was taken up from the start. Everyone wanted to know her. We met her on various occasions, the last time being only a week before her death. People will be talking about her as "poor Anny Ahlers," as they used to do about "poor Meggie Albanesi." Both were geniuses and died young, as geniuses are always said to do.

BUT let us turn to something less gloomy—the perennial Harry Preston, for example. He gave one of his usual dinner-parties for the Albert Hall fight, and among his guests were Jock Whitney and Major Metcalfe. Both arrived rather late, as they had flown through the fog from Wolverhampton, where they had been racing. Jock Whitney said that he would only have Dusty Foot in the Grand National, and that he is staying over until April.

ANOTHER guest was Sir Malcolm Campbell, who was telling the gallant Major that of the last two

Taking their morning constitutional in the Alexander Baring, the wife of Lord with Miss M. Blount, and her five-year-

horses he bought, he sold one for £5 (having purchased it for £150), and the other for £17 10s. (having bought it for £55). So they have now an amicable arrangement to use each other's advice on their special subjects. Major Metcalfe went on to say that he would sooner ride the Grand National winner than have won a Victoria Cross in the war. His other ambition, if he had been able to achieve it, would have been to win the Kadir Cup, the ace of pig-sticking competitions in India.

Below are two photographs from the steeplechase meeting at Wolverhampton, which was the next event for the regulars after Cheltenham was over; on the left are Mr. W. H. Harrison and Miss H. Vaugham, and, right, Sir Humphrey de Trafford

The Matinée at the Garrick was held in aid of funds for the care of destitute boys; above are Miss Bridget Vesey and Miss Mary Christian, who also helped to collect for the good cause

The latest of Mr. Humphrey Scott Plummer and the Hon. Pamela Balfour, Lord and Lady Kinross's eldest daughter, who are being married on April 7 at St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh. They were photographed in Edinburgh, at Miss Balfour's home

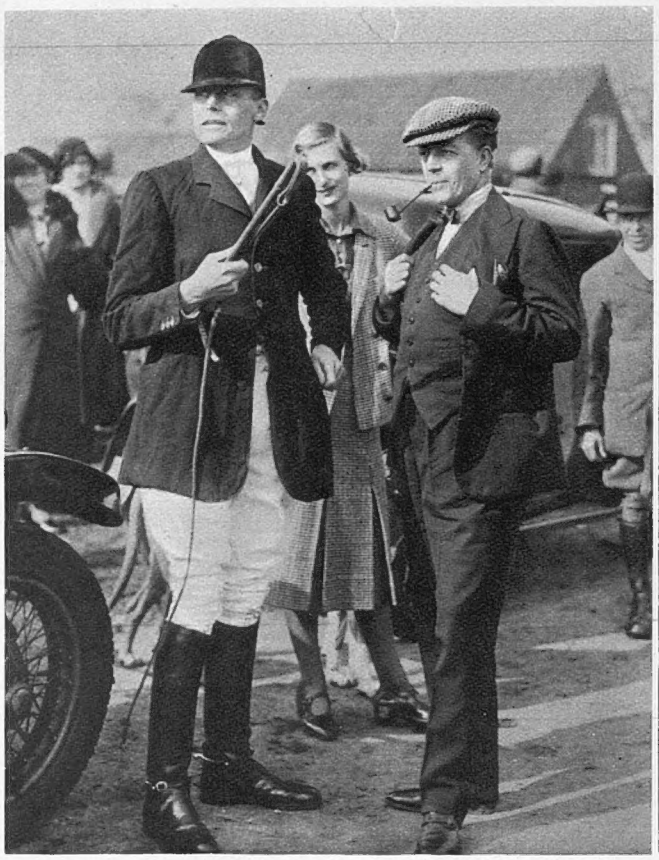
Left: Mrs. Heneage and her two-year-old son, David, who is a most social and popular member of his generation. Mrs. Heneage, who is the eldest daughter of the late Colonel Mann-Thompson, writes dance music and songs, besides going around to all the things worth going to

Swaebe

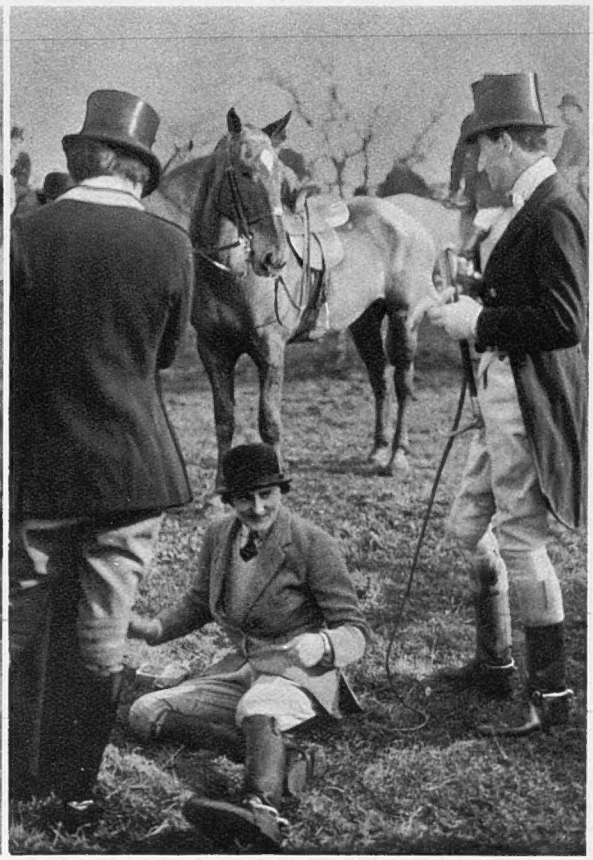
Park: The Hon. Mrs. Ashburton's only son, old son, John Baring

Below: Commander Leslie Swain Saunders, R.N., and Miss Elizabeth Culme-Seymour, Lady Culme-Seymour's daughter, being piped away from St. Leonard's Church, Rockingham, where they were married

On the bathing terrace at Reid's Palace Hotel, Madeira: Mr. Michael Rinder takes Miss Somerset Maugham and Miss Reid for a ride on his shoulders, which just shows how strong the sun can make people



Lord Barnby, the Master of the Blankney, talking to Colonel F. C. Cripps at the Quorn meet at Willoughby on the Wolds. Mrs. J. D. Player is standing behind



Miss Monica Sherriffe gets down to getting cool by sitting on the ground; while Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Farquhar eat their sandwiches standing

The Cottesmore met at on the heat-wave day; Mrs. talked to Miss Diana Harri

TO-MORROW (Thursday) is the wedding of Mr. David Rhys and Lady Anne Wellesley, and we can give you a good piece of advice. If you don't arrive very early indeed you will never get a seat. Acceptances have been received from many more people than there is room for in the church, although St. George's, Hanover Square, holds more than St. Margaret's, Westminster.

EXCEPT in the case of twins, it is unheard-of for two sisters to be launched simultaneously on the London Season. However, Lady Betty Trafford is bringing out her daughters, Helen and Sophie, this week at a dance in Queen's Gate, one of the dinner-parties for which is being given by the Duchess of Norfolk. Lady Fitzalan, Lady Jean Bertie, and Lady Gwendoline Spencer Churchill are also giving dinner-parties on this occasion.

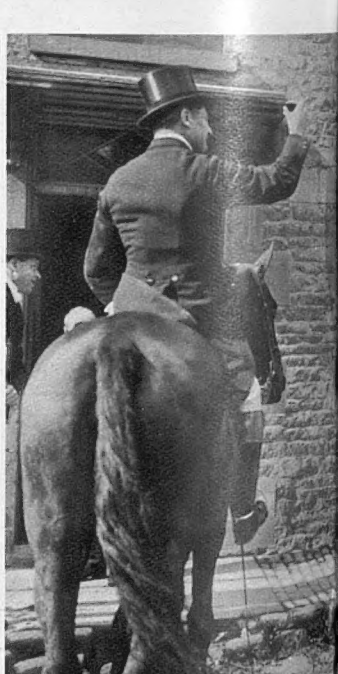
ONE of last week's small dances was given in Belgrave Square by Mrs. Benskin for Miss Hamilton Grace. The Embassy band did its stuff, and the dinner hostesses nearly all had débutante daughters—such as Lady Cavan, Lady Rasche, and Mrs. Christopher Hoare. Lent seems to mean less and less nowadays, doesn't it?

THERE seems to be little or no shrinkage, either, at the restaurants. The Embassy was so full the other night that the guests and members had to sit on the stairs to hear Wagstaff sing, and several parties had to be turned away. At Quaglino's, too, business has been as brisk as ever, with Mr. Willy Vanderbilt giving large parties, and Colonel Fred Cripps looking as urbane as ever.

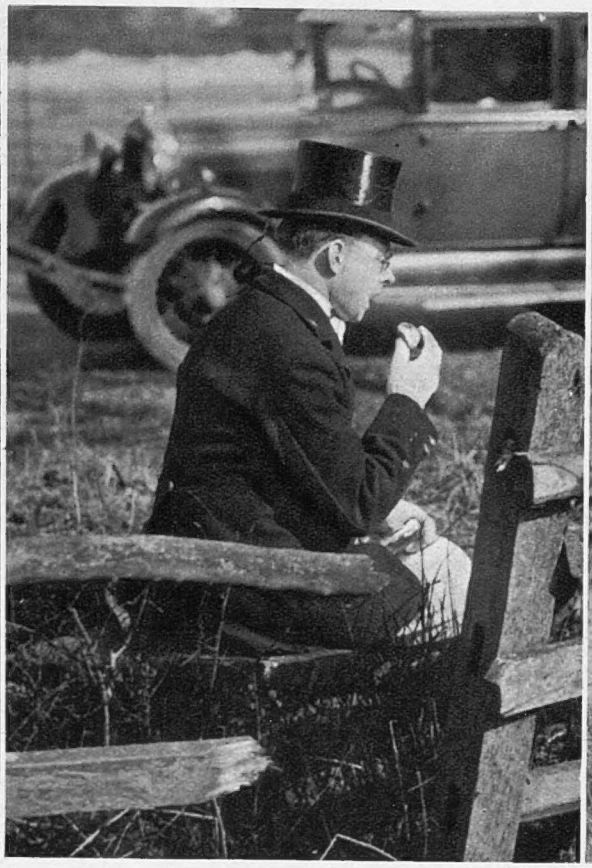
MEANTIME, Miss Jeanne Stourton, who has graduated into the position of being quite the most talked-of young woman in London since the exit of the Whigham, is arranging another of her mannequin shows—this time in Duke Street. Lady Bridget Poulett, Miss Diane Chamberlain, Miss Averil Streatfeild, Miss Dorothy Hyson, and the rest of her friends who are taking part, are all expected to look more ravishing than ever.

Below: another photograph at the Quorn meet at Willoughby on the Wolds: Lady Patricia Ward and Mrs. James Seely both look as if they thought it hot, even before the really hard work started

Below, right: an interval for refreshments at the Fox and Hounds, Luffenham, which did a brisk trade with the thirsty Cottesmore: Captain James Sherrard and Lady Kimberley were two of its clients



Hambledon, near Oakham, Leslie sat in her car while she son and Mrs. K. O. Goldie



Lord Allendale was out when the Cottesmore met at Hambledon; he found a tree-stump for his lunch-time resting-place

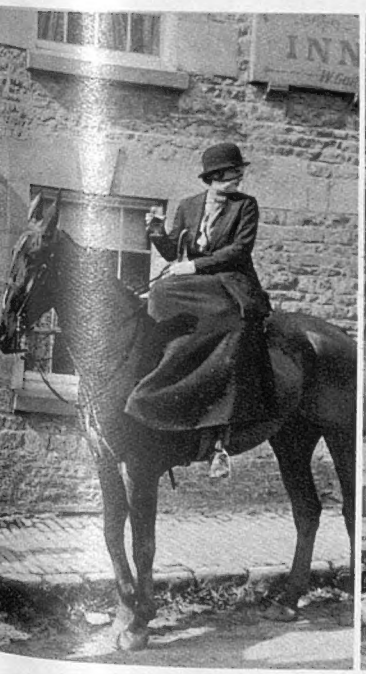
Heat Wave Hunting

The Quorn and the Cottesmore Go Out in the Mid-day Sun

Above, right: two of the Cottesmore field share a badly-needed drink: the Hon. Helen Mildmay handing up her flask to Miss Averil Smith

Right: Lady Mary Stewart, Lord Londonderry's daughter, lets her horse have a bit of a "cooler" too

Below: another drinking scene at the inn at Luffenham: Mrs. Gordon Crisp takes a glass of beer



IN these hard times it must be pleasant to own a famous sire, like Cameronian. Mr. John Dewar's Derby winner has twenty-six engagements at the stud at £300 an engagement for this year. Not long ago the fee was as much as £500. Yes, you can spend a very interesting afternoon at East Grinstead if you get permission from "lucky" Dewar to see the property.

MAYFAIR has a number of invalids. Lady Lindsay-Hogg and Lady Georgiana Curzon have influenza. Lady Louis Mountbatten has been having appendicitis, and Lord Bearsted has been for some time in Lady Carnarvon's nursing home.

Mixed Grill

Different Times and Different Places

Sasha

Above: at Mr. Kingsley Scott's cocktail party in his Curzon Street flat: Mr. Franklin, Mrs. Critchley - Salmonson, the host, Captain Paul, and Mr. Hope - Johnston

Right: Gertrude Lawrence, wearing the very latest in matching hat, scarf, and gloves, was photographed in the flower-shop in Berkeley Square, which she and Lady Diana Cooper have started together

Sasha

Above, top: Lady Malcolm Campbell, Mr. Harry Preston and Lord Decies at the dinner given by the British Racing Drivers' Club at the May Fair Hotel in honour of Sir Malcolm Campbell

Below: the High Commissioner of Egypt, Sir Percy Loraine, K.C.M.G., and Lady Loraine sitting in the garden of the British Residency at Cairo, which has a view across the Nile

Right: Mr. A. Egerton Cooper at work on his portrait of Jessica Tandy, who is wearing the dress in which she appears as Manuela in "Children in Uniform," at the Duchess Theatre. Anyone who has seen her as the German schoolgirl will be glad that Mr. Cooper is painting Jessica Tandy's picture in this particular way

Another Manuela is Created

Bystanders in "the House"

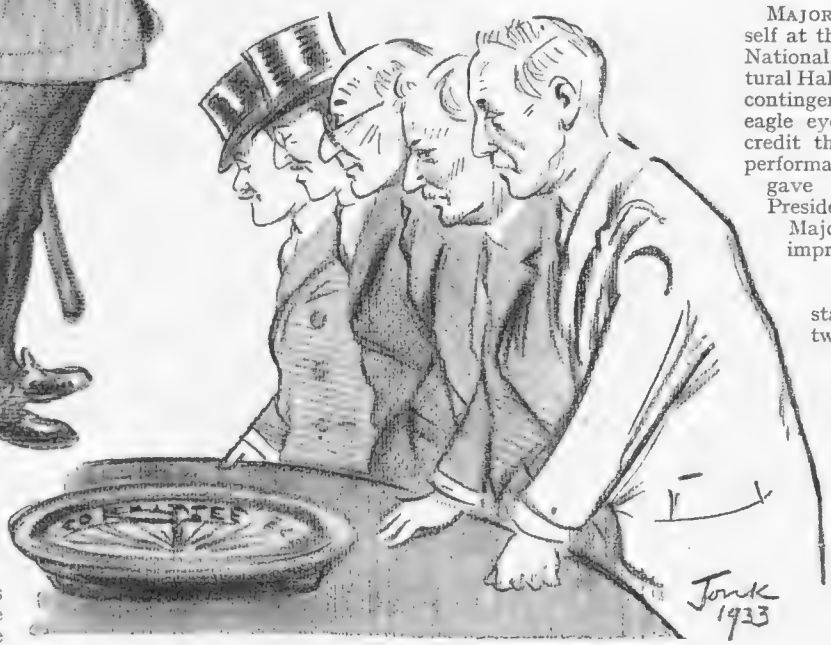
A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

Major Karo
Gives a smart salute

MAJOR KARO was looking his most soldierly self at the torchlight display by units of the National Cadet Association at the Agricultural Hall the other day. The Stock Exchange contingent was taking part, watched with eagle eye by its commandant, and great credit they did him. At the end of their performance, he marched smartly out and gave the salute to Lord Allenby, the President of the Association. Although Major Karo is small, he is most impressive on occasions like this.

WE are very sorry if any misunderstanding has arisen from our reference, two weeks ago, to the Frisby brothers and Freddy Bramson. It was a case of smoke without fire indeed, as their daily exodus is for no other purpose than to smoke a cigarette and get a breath of fresh air. Honi soit qui mal y pense!



Five New Committee Candidates
Is their number up?

BY the time this appears, the Stock Exchange Committee elections will be over, and the fate of the seven new candidates will have been settled. The election or non-election of five of them depends on more than their personal success amongst their fellow-members and in the House generally, for they represent, as candidates, a definite point of view, not only on the particular questions of advertising and commission rates, which have been much to the fore lately, but also on the more general question of the representation of the smaller firms.

THE present Committee has worked most faithfully for the welfare of the House, but the majority of the members have been in office for a very long time, and it was felt that younger blood should be brought in, and that members from the smaller firms would broaden the representation of the House. This feeling was crystallised, first by the forming of an unofficial committee last October, and then by the nomination of the following five candidates for election:

Mr. T. W. Wheelwright, one of the two partners in A. H. Hart and Co., and a brilliant statistician;

Mr. H. L. Evitt, of Landon and Evitt, and Mr. D. F. Hollins, of J. Hill and Sons, both keen and active members, who also take a leading part in local government affairs. Mr. Hollins, incidentally, was chairman of the unofficial committee in the House;

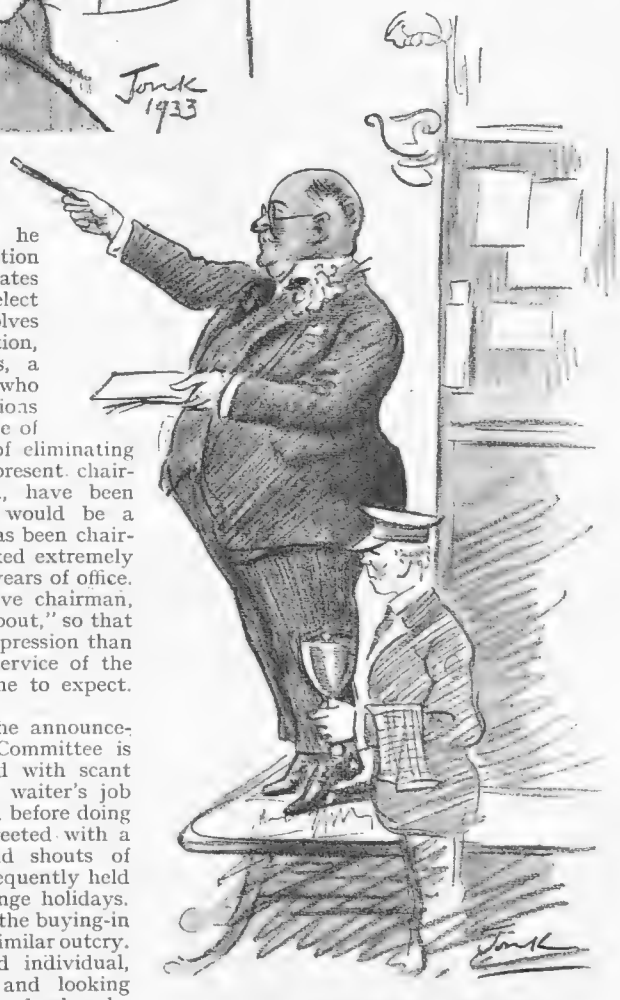
Mr. S. J. Messenger, the senior partner of S. J. Messenger and Co., a quiet and unassuming man; his firm are jobbers in the West African market;

Mr. C. W. Goff, the senior partner of Goff and Goff.

The sixth candidate, Mr. H. S. Fowler, is not entirely identified with this group, although he too would introduce an element of the "new thought," if elected. He is with Cassel and Co., so he has a wide experience of arbitrage business. And the seventh, Mr. R. H. A. Daniell, belongs to the same firm as the retiring member, Mr. D. M. Scott.

THERE was only one vacant seat on the Committee, which numbers thirty, and as each voter had to vote for thirty out of thirty-five candidates standing, he found himself in the position of having to vote for candidates he didn't want in order to elect those he did want. This resolves itself into a process of elimination, and has been, in past years, a weapon in the hands of those who have disagreed with the actions of the Committee; their "vote of censure" has taken the form of eliminating the chairman. Should the present chairman, Sir Archibald Campbell, have been "eliminated" in this way, it would be a great loss to the House; he has been chairman since 1923, and has worked extremely hard during his none-too-easy years of office. He has been a most unobtrusive chairman, and never "throws his weight about," so that he has made a less obvious impression than his unceasing activity in the service of the Stock Exchange might lead one to expect.

To turn to lighter things, the announcement that a meeting of the Committee is about to take place is treated with scant respect in the House. It is a waiter's job to make the announcement, and before doing so he rings a bell, which is greeted with a babel of boos and cheers and shouts of "Holiday!" meetings being frequently held to discuss special Stock Exchange holidays. The bell-ringing that announces the buying-in man is generally the signal for a similar outcry. He is a rotund and red-faced individual, wearing a large button-hole, and looking something like a bookmaker, and when he appears in the market in which he has to deal, according to his duties, he is always followed by a lad with a bell and duster. He clambers on to a seat, aided by the lad, turns round with a benign grin, and announces what he wants to do. But no sooner has he opened his mouth than his voice is drowned by shouts of "Holiday!" "Shame!" "Sell!" "Buy!" and so on. After some time, the buying-in man clambers laboriously down, his satellite wipes the seat with his duster, and they disappear. And no one seems to know or care what he did try to say.



The Buying-in Man

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

IN England we carry out our revolutions less dramatically than they do abroad. There are no burnings, no bloodshed, but there are revolutions, in spite of that. The Mussolinis and the Hitlers are absent; we rely on MacDonalds and Baldwins, and we are without black-shirts or brown-shirts. (Mosley's circus belongs to the Palladium's Crazy Month.)

THE present Government has—but it is as yet hardly realised—steadily divorced from Parliament the power of the Executive. The system by which tariffs are imposed, the new Agricultural Marketing Bill are indications that increasingly the House of Commons is having taken away from it its control of administration.

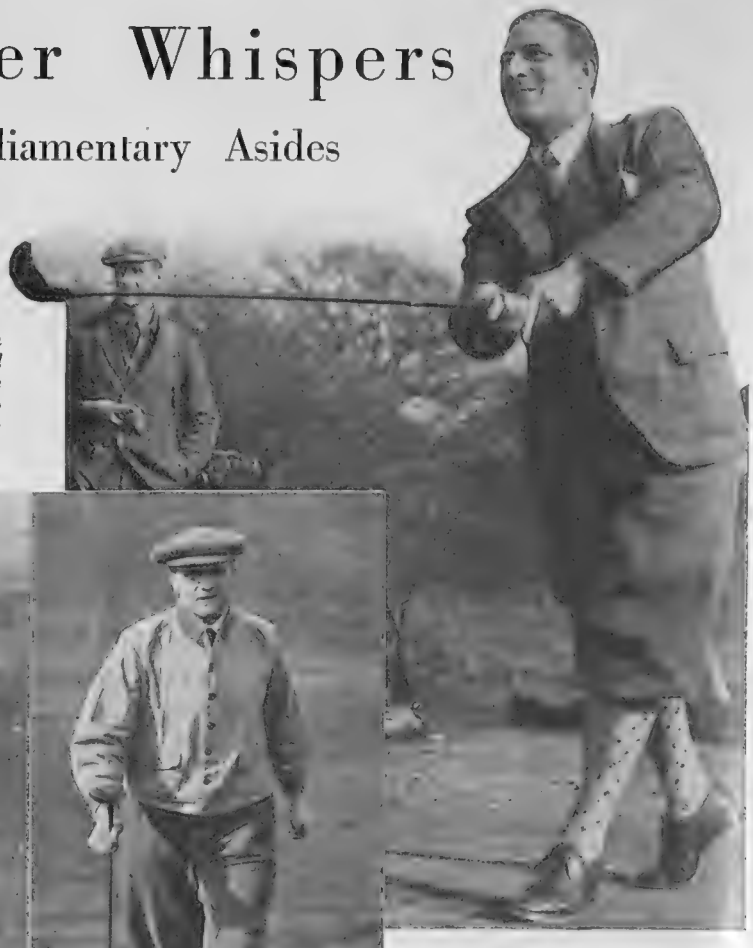
FOR years the reformers have advocated that the Commons should content themselves with the direction of policy, leaving the details of its working to the Cabinet. For years it has been opposed by those who believed in Parliamentary government. Now, almost without anyone noticing it, it has been accomplished, and Democracy is as dead here as it is in Italy or in Germany or in Russia.

SOME Tories find themselves in a dilemma. They are being asked to support what, only a few years ago, they would have damned as Socialist legislation. They cannot discover within themselves the elasticity of mind to vote for the type of measures they have been attacking all their lives. Really, in the name of the National Government, for the sake of patriotism, too much is demanded of them!

ACCORDING to all precedents we should now be obsessed with consideration of the Budget. It will be presented immediately after Easter. But the international situation has monopolised every conversation in the Lobbies, while the universal belief that Mr. Chamberlain is incapable of producing a Budget that is not humdrum and pedestrian, makes speculation hardly worth while.

I SAID a few weeks ago that Mr. Chamberlain's stock was low. I believe it has sunk still lower. His "pegging away" and his "ten years" will not be forgotten for a long time; and Members who have been visiting their constituencies have returned depressed with the effect these two bons mots have made.

ANY hopes of a courageous and visionary Budget have long since vanished. Members are not content with the state of affairs, but it seems to take an unconscionable time before they are discontent.



Below, left: Captain J. Loder, M.P., and Sir M. Mackenzie Wood, M.P., who were two of the House of Commons team

The House of Commons Match Against Moor Park

Mr. Reginald Clarry, M.P.

the Member for Newport, Mon., enjoying a game on the Newport Golf Links

EVEN Mr. Churchill's denunciation of the Government's Indian policy is ten or twelve years late. He may thunder, but he can do little. He is handicapped by his own past; and however much he talks in private (and is he entirely circumspect?) he knows in his heart of hearts that he cannot bring the Government down.

THE Service Estimates, with which we have been concerned this past week, were debated, as usual, by the ex-Generals, ex-Admirals, ex-pilots, who usurped the time of the House to air their pet grievances.

MR. DUFF COOPER was praised for his note-less speech. It was very dull, all the same. The execution didn't improve the material, it only called attention to it. Perhaps, had he had a few notes, he might have been more interesting. Incidentally, I hear growls from the St. George's Division of Westminster that Mr. Cooper has ignored his constituents ever since his by-election fight with Sir Ernest Petter. He might remember that no seat is safe, and the dissatisfaction in one constituency soon spreads to others.

LIKEWISE, Members might remember that, being Members, they can no longer behave as though they were private individuals. They enjoy certain advantages, they must shoulder the responsibilities. Dr. Douglas Cooke, please note.

ON Tuesday Sir Philip Sassoon performed. He is a man from another world. He is utterly alien to the Conservative temperament, yet no Conservative Government is complete without him. But he tries. He owns Trent Park, one of the glories of England, which he lends occasionally to Mr. Baldwin, and it was Mr. Baldwin who saw that, in 1931, Mr. MacDonald did not forget him.

WE had the Navy Estimates on Thursday, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell at the helm. It is a pity he has to remain silent for so many months in the year. He is a far better speaker than some of the "boosted" orators on the Front Bench.

POPULARITY in the House is difficult to win. Sir Bolton has won it. So has Major Elliot. So, for very different reasons, has Mr. Maxton. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister seems to go out of his way to eschew it. At Question Time he appears deliberately to put the House against him; ditto Mr. Duff Cooper, who is rapidly losing all the good esteem he once had.

MR. HERBERT WILLIAMS is speaking far too often. Sir Adrian Baillie means to get on, which is in his favour, but he is being too obvious about it. Mr. Glossop is worth watching; so is Mr. Mabane.

Bunny Austin finds tennis bags too ex-austin and, in future, will wear shorts at all tournaments at which he plays

No doubt Dr. Colin Gregory will adopt half-measures and play the half-volley half-way up the court clad in half-shorts

—and G. P. Hughes will be observed doing less panting in pants

Tottenham Town Tennisites will be less temperamental in tights—

The retired of Ruislip will be unbeatable in glad rags

At frivolous Frinton, where the glass of fashion is always seen, there will be no change for the fore-arm flick—except the adoption of shin-pads

On the Will to Win—A New Kind of Leg Theory

Suggested by our Anatomical Artist, H. H. Harris

Hors d'Œuvres

By "Caviare"

At the sending-off cocktail-party at the "Old Florida": round the table are Mrs. Edward Alston, Mrs. Alma Wallace, Lord Bective, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, and Mr. Jan Juta; behind is Captain Gordon Halsey, who is responsible for the new venture

By René Blair

At the new "Old Florida"

Hay Wrightson

Miss June Child

A new portrait of Mme. Davila de Peña's attractive daughter, who has gone off with Miss Bunting Stephenson for a trip to Palestine, and will be her fellow-stewardess on the Norwegian cargo-boat, on which they are working their way through the Mediterranean

LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX, more goldenly-lovely than ever, is back in London, escorted everywhere by her tall husband, who looks a little pale, I thought. Lady Brougham has the most perfect teeth in Mayfair, although a near rival for such a distinction is her sister, Essex Drury.

MRS. ROLAND CUBITT has a dash and a distinctive way of wearing clothes that is peculiarly her own. She is amusing and witty in a very charming and unusual voice. Her husband enjoys dancing, vigorously and with "vivé."

HAS a certain lovely lady made up her mind yet? After all, to any proposition there is but one of two answers: "Yes" or "No."

DID a pink-coated gentleman enjoy his cup of tea—tête-à-tête?

A WIT—Lord Berners.
A wag—Mr. Guy Puckle.
A joker—Mr. Edward de Winton Wills.
An epigrammatist—Mr. Shane Leslie.
A jester—Captain Tommy Graves.

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH is rapidly becoming a most accomplished fisherwoman—a feat of practice and patience. Lady Betty Butler is an expert, and Mrs. Tony Bellville throws a "pretty" fly. Lady Dudley loves fishing, but does more "harling" than the other sportswomen I have mentioned. Oh, well, fish! Here's to a short life and a "wet" one.

MRS. VICTOR EMMANUEL is petite and sweet—one couldn't describe her in any other way—and her little-girl hairdressing is quite charming. Lady Kemball-Cook, however, should wave the ends of her "Wendy-and-Peter" coiffure. Lady Melchett is still faithful to the "page-boy" style.

"THEY thought you were a gander,
But whither did you wander?"
"Upstairs, yes, upstairs,
To my lady's chamber.
There I found a young man!
I didn't heed his prayers;
I seized him by the left leg,
And threw him down the stairs."

THE most devoted mother is charming Lady Bective, who has the happiest expression—such a change from our "I-can't-think-why-I'm-here" friends. Lady Serena James adores her children and spends a great deal of time with them; and Sir Albert and Lady Stern are always in the nursery.

WILL a damaged heart be mended by warm sunshine? That's what an anxious family want to know.

WILL an "ex-lovely" ever give up hope?

MRS. SIMON COMBE is comely. Mrs. Gulbenkian is elegant. Miss Mona Simpson is quaint. Mr. Simon Elwes is smart. Mr. Tony Havelock-Allen is polished. Mr. Murrough O'Brien is intriguing.

WHAT a wonderful man Mr. Gordon Selfridge is! And devoted to his daughters. Princess Wiasemsky is nearly always with him. What an example he is to our "too tired" young men—foresight, grit, determination, and ambition are just a few attributes he has. Millionaires are made, not born.

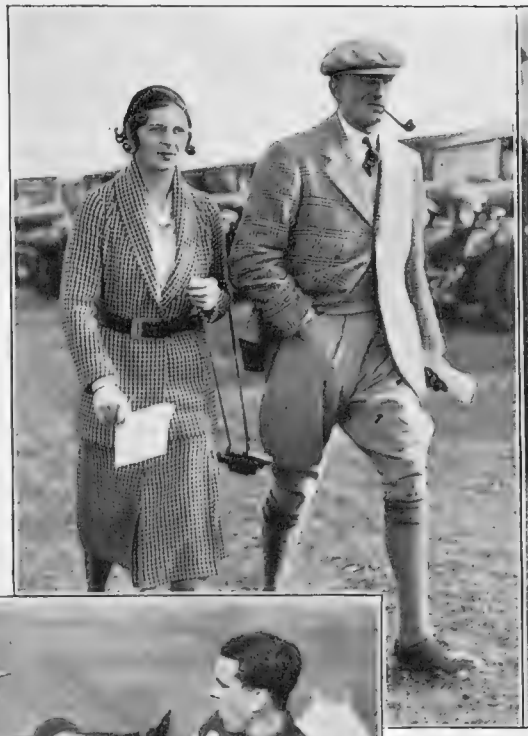
THINGS we want to know: if the ex-office boy of our old friend the "Pink 'Un" has joined the extensive and exclusive staff of this page?

WHAT a clever face Miss Mala Brand has! She is quite unforgettable, which is unusual in these uniform days. Miss Helen Villiers, who is a this year's deb, has an interesting expression, and a face which promises intelligence. I wonder if Audrey Warren Pearl will inherit her mother's brilliant powers of organisation.

A DOOR that was locked.
A key that was lost
And a night that was——

Right: Mrs. Jocelyn Abel-Smith and Colonel Dean were two of the very big crowd that turned out for the Oxford Grind

Extreme right: Mrs Lester Reid talking to Sir John Carew Pole before his race, in which, however, he did not figure in the first three



At Showell Farm and Cottenham

The Oxford and the Cambridge Point-to-Point Meetings

Right: Mr. K. Frazer, who rode the winner of the Stewards' Cup on the first day at Cottenham

Above: Mr. R. Holland-Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley discussing the ups and downs of point-to-point riding in general, and those at Showell Farm in particular

Right: the judge at the Oxford meeting, Brig.-General C. R. P. Winser, standing in the ring with Miss Jeans and Miss Daly

Three more at Showell Farm, where the weather and the going were as good as the sport, were Miss Lloyd, Miss Jocelyn Wingfield, and Mr. Radclyffe

The World's Great Short Stories; or

Retold by D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

(With all due acknowledgments to the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill)

"The whole School is permeated!" he moaned, pacing up and down

ONE evening in November 1858, Dr. Rowlands, Head of Roslyn School, sitting in the library and contemplating the Globes—for he considered it his duty to keep abreast of every kind of pedagogic activity and disdained to harbour globes, whether terrestrial or celestial, merely as a bait for parents—one evening in November 1858, Dr. Rowlands heard a tremulous knock at the door.

"Come in!"

At his invitation there entered one of the Sixth Form, a fair-haired, handsome boy named Rupert Goodworthy.

"You told me to come at six, Sir."

Dr. Rowlands immediately remembered.

"Ah, yes. Your last English Essay had a split infinitive."

As the Doctor bent his gaze upon the boy, Rupert Goodworthy suddenly fell with a crash to the floor. As he collapsed, there protruded from his trousers pocket the broken neck of a bottle. Dr. Rowlands leaned over quickly and, picking it up, smelt it. Brandy! His fine brow clouded immediately with anger, and his voice took on a sterner timbre.

"Wretched boy! *Drinking!* Again! Oh, Rupert!"

A flush of guilty shame swept over Rupert's clear forehead as he staggered to his feet, holding on by the nearest bookshelf, and stood there swaying slightly, the picture of misery.

"Boy!" thundered Dr. Rowlands, striding to and fro in his just anger, "Unhappy boy! How often have I said that I will not have so much secret drinking in the School? It lowers the Tone! It is a most pernicious habit!" He paused and bent his brows again. "Who are your confederates in debauchery, miserable boy?"

Stammeringly, and in evident agony of mind, Rupert confessed that he had been dining in company with a few chosen friends, with his housemaster, Mr. Gordon—a dark, stern man whom all feared and respected, but few loved. The Doctor, curling his lip in rage, scorn, and realisation of coming retribution, at once sent a servant for Mr. Gordon, who appeared in a short space of time. His cravat was back to front. His face bore traces of recent burnt cork.

"This ignoble boy," said Dr. Rowlands quietly, "dares to pretend that he has been ingesting alcoholic liquor in your company!"

"Thass ri' (*hic*)," said Mr. Gordon, with a glassy smile. As he said this he leaned heavily against a bookcase and went to sleep. The Doctor uttered a cry.

"The whole School is permeated!" he moaned, pacing up and down and knitting his brows; and for hours that night, having bitingly dismissed both the erring master and his weak-willed charge, he strove to realise that Roslyn School was full of secret toping. At last he knew why so many boys reeled into prayers merely wearing overcoats over their night-shirts. At last he knew why the Army Class dropped its Tacitus on the floor so often and went off to sleep, deaf to all the appeals of reason, piety, and authority. As the grey, misty dawn broke over the tumbling sea, the unhappy Head of Roslyn burst into tears. Before breakfasting that morning, he resolved to acquaint an author friend, the Rev. F. W. Farrar,

"Awful!" he said . . . relighting his cigar, "awful, awful, awful, awful, awful!"

What Have You?

"The Bystander's" Own Selection

ERIC, or LITTLE BY LITTLE

Illustrations by A. SAVORY

With his straw hat on and its neat light-blue ribbon . . .

with this crying evil. Before luncheon his letter was posted. Two days later he received his reply:

DEAR ROWLANDS,

Quite. So are most of the public schools of England. I 'm thinking of writing a book about Roslyn, anyway.

Yours, F. W. F.

AND so, out of this incident grew *Eric, or Little by Little*, one of the greatest tracts against secret drinking in our public schools ever written. Mr. Farrar, himself at one time a schoolmaster, had previously been appalled at the manner in which growing boys occasionally fell violently in love with the young wives of their housemasters, and had, indeed, submitted this alternative idea for a book on school life to his publisher. His publisher stroked his long glossy whiskers for a space, played with his massive gold watch-chain, coughed once or twice, and then gave tongue.

"Hrrm! Chrm! Have you ever come across any *actual* case?"

Mr. Farrar pondered. "Yes," he said at length. "I remember the case of—let me think—a young Woodley. Not in my house, but I remember it very clearly. A terrible scandal! His father had to take him away."

The publisher lit a cigar thoughtfully.

"I doubt," he said, "whether they 'll stand for it, as things are. However," said the publisher, coughing, "tell me all about it. Chrm! Was she attractive?"

As Mr. Farrar unfolded his sad story of a hapless boy's love for his housemaster's wife, the publisher was most attentive.

"Awful!" he said at length, relighting his cigar. "Awful, awful, awful, awful, awful, *awful!* What did you say her first name was?"

He made a note on his scribbling-pad and, sighing deeply, turned the conversation to contracts and royalties, being careful to invite his author to lunch before embarking on any concrete offer. The result of the ensuing luncheon, which took place at a restaurant in the Strand, was the classic work which we are now contemplating.

The vivid, almost Tchehovesque, character of Eric Williams hardly needs much introduction. Before drink got at him, before those evening brandy-parties (pp. 232, 233, definitive edition) in the form-rooms made him "too giddy with the fumes of drink to walk straight or act naturally" in Form next morning, he had been a courageous, handsome boy and a good cricketer.

Now it was Eric's turn to go in. It was long since he had stood before the wicket, but now he was there, looking like a beautiful picture as the sunlight streamed over him, and made his fair hair shine like gold. In the triumph of success his sorrows were flung to the winds, and his blue eyes sparkled with interest and joy (p. 268).

Nevertheless, he was of a haughty, unbiddable nature:

Corporal punishment, however necessary and desirable for some dispositions, always produced on Eric the worst effects. He burned not with remorse or regret, but with shame and violent indignation. (p. 96).

HE was falsely accused at least once during his tumultuous years at Roslyn; and towards the end he stole some money from a box in a friend's study.

When one looked at him that day, with his straw hat on and its neat light-blue ribbon, and the cricket dress (a pink jersey and leather belt, with a silver clasp in front) showing off his well-built and graceful figure, one little thought what an agony was gnawing like a serpent at his heart.

Running away from Roslyn at length, he embarked on the schooner *Stormy Petrel*, escaped after many trials, reached home again, and died with a brightness playing over his fair features like a lambent flame.

His story is a warning against intemperance during what Arnold of Rugby called "the formative years," just as the story of Young Woodley is a warning——

[*Note to Ed., "Bystander": Shall I go on with this?*

Note from Ed., "Bystander": You seem to have left out all the love-interest in "Eric."

Note to Ed., "Bystander": There wasn't any then. This was 1858.

Note from Ed., "Bystander": Right: finish.]

——a warning against other things.

Corporal punishment always produced on Eric the worst effects

If Gossip

Centenary Celebrations —Unpeaceful Europe— Chestnut and Cress

Teneriffe, Overlooking the Bay of Santa Cruz

Above : Santa Cruz is being visited on " The Bystander " Cruise when the s.s. Lapland sails on June 17th for Madeira, Teneriffe, and the Azores. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or the usual travel agencies

WHATEVER people are " giving up in Lent," which is now in full swing (if Lent may ever be said to go with a swing), it is not centenaries, bi-centenaries, and sundry other anniversary celebrations.

There have been some fervid attempts to beat up enthusiasm over the memory of Karl Marx, a hairy old man who, years ago, used to sit in the reading-room of the British Museum, hating Capitalists. The Reds have had their little jamboree over this, but the man in the street is less interested in Marx than in the firm of Marks and Spencer, who, when the time comes, will probably start a buy-centenary.

PRIESTLEY has had a better look in, though there has been a tendency to mix up the founder of modern chemistry with the founder of *The Good Companions*.

Wagner, the Falkland Islands, Brahms, and Maskelyne's have all been, or are about to be, celebrated as institutions of long standing and of varying degrees of usefulness.

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 5.—Miss Ethel Mannin

SOME authors like to picture life
In tints that are absurdly rosy,
With husband ever true to wife,
And love that's like a fragrant posy;
But she of whom I sing does not
Indulge in prose that's sweet and sickly,
Because, I'm glad to say, she's got
The seeing eye and shows us quickly
No stronger meat is needed than in
The pungent prose of Ethel Mannin.

She's not content, like some who write
And view the world through optics dreamy,
To shun the things that aren't polite
And shrink from any side that's seamy;
But fearlessly she likes to show
Us youths of more than doubtful breeding
Whose song is " Sweet and (Gigo)low "
When little luxuries they're needing,
For none can paint the " also-ran " in
Virtue's race so well as Mannin.

Not only social riff-raff pass,
A motley crew, across the pages
Of her whose fame, in sounding brass,
Rings in the ears of fools and sages;
She knows the world of business, too,
Where " Per Advert ad Astra " 's reckoned
The motto of those stalwarts who
All dream of " space rates " every second—
But whatsoe'er she writes, a " fan " in
Me is found of Ethel Mannin. *B. W.*

Chrystal Brooke *Cannons, Hollywood*

Sheet Anchored

Above : Lupino Lane and Arthur Riscoe in a scene from the musical comedy, " The One Girl," at the London Hippodrome

Elliott and Fry

Above : Mrs. Glynne Roberts, wife of Mr. O. Glynne Roberts, the Secretary of the London Midland and Scottish Railway

Left : Chrystal Brooke, the bright young star in the filmy heavens as depicted in a perfectly fitting suit reminiscent of Vesta Tilly

We Must . . .

Tunbridge

A new portrait of Miss Crystal Herbert, daughter of A. P. Herbert, the famous author, who finds it as easy to write a musical comedy as to attack "Dora," write a novel, or compose verse

At the moment, however, it seems very doubtful whether Europe will be able to celebrate twenty years of peace in 1938 or remain war-less for another five months, let alone another five years.

The Hitlerisation of Germany is causing apprehension in France, and with reason. Austria, with some millions of our money to buck her up, is in an excited state and may find herself with a young Hapsburg Emperor again. Poland is feeling the draught: corridors are always draughty things. Moscow, more dangerous than ever, is plotting more assiduously than ever, and is hoping for the European turmoil which will be her opportunity. Geneva provides only a spectacle of ludicrous impotence.

Great Britain's best plan is to sit tight and meddle not at all, particularly since the young gentlemen who swore not, *in any circumstances*, to fight for King and Country are now receiving pats on the back from all sorts of adult quarters. Our attempt at meddling in the Far East by means of an arms embargo was an inglorious business. Other countries scooped the business that should have been ours, while we looked fools and hypocrites at the same time.

The Lord Rector of Glasgow University is now a columnist. He is the writer of the weekly *Mustard and Cress*, originated by George R. Sims and carried on until recently by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. From the Lordly and Rectorial pen has come an account of how a mother, taking her child recently to a concert given by Yehudi Menuhin, the boy-prodigy violinist, was told that every seat had been sold, and of how she thereupon remarked to the child, "There, that 'll teach you to practise!"

Perhaps the L.R. of G.U., otherwise Mr. Compton Mackenzie, will, like a distinguished fellow-Scot, put up a defence of philosophic doubt. But I am in no sort of doubt, philosophic or otherwise, about the age of that little yarn, which was told long before the grandfather of Yehudi Menuhin was in the infant-prodigy stage.

I have read that poor but worthy students at Scottish Universities live partly on chestnuts, which are cheap and fill up space. The habit seems to have spread to senior members of the faculty.

Bertram Park

Getting Rid of the Pip

George Robey, free from the attentions of Equity and a Wall eye, in a scene from "Jolly Roger," the new musical comedy at the Savoy, where, in discussing fruit, he finds the answer 's a melon

Alan Herbert was in first-rate form at the Critics' Circle dinner.

Why people who have to go to the theatre, as critics or as players or as managers, on most nights of the week elect to sacrifice a sunny Sunday evening for the purpose of talking shop or hearing it talked, I cannot imagine.

But it is a fact that they do. And "A.P.H.," touching on the immense seriousness of the Actors' Equity folk, pointing out the thousand-and-one reasons invariably alleged for bad business in the theatre, and proving conclusively that Boxing Day and Good Friday are the sole occasions when theatrical business is likely to be good, was, in this case, sufficient compensation. Mr. Charles Morgan, from the lofty eminence of the *Times*, was dignified and, indeed, "the fountain" of wisdom.

Nicolas Bentley drew the picture

"Hey! Just a minute. I'm kneeling on something!"

Elisabeth Ivimey

Nora Swinburne

An actress whose recent performances point to her achieving a pinnacle of fame. She takes one of the leading parts in "It's You I Want," at Daly's, where Seymour Hicks is starring, and these two have a business partnership in El Patio, a new restaurant which they have opened in Rupert Street

A vigorous speech came from Arthur Bliss, the only eminent composer who has held a commission in the Grenadier Guards. "Looking round the room," he remarked, "I cannot see one composer." Whereupon Herman Finck rose, amid cheers, and bowed.

Where ignorance is Bliss. . . .

Lady Owen, whom London used to know as Edmée Dormeuil, must now be a happy woman. Whatever her offences, she has expiated them, for existence in a French prison is pretty tough (though here I do not speak from experience).

I remember her as a prominent figure at many parties, particularly at one given by the late Arthur Bourchier at that charming little house he had in Berkeley Square where she was assertive in her likes and dislikes.

With her tall, elderly, white-moustached and very wealthy husband, since dead, I can see her now on the lawn of the cottage Charlie Cochran took for the summer at Bourne End, playing croquet in black satin and a picture-hat, and wearing ropes of pearls as large as pigeon's eggs.

She has looked on life in most of its aspects and is still a young woman—and a rich one.

Joyce Hammond, Sutton

Mrs. Cowan Dobson

Wife of the well-known Scottish portrait-painter, and her husband's favourite model. He will be giving a one-man show in the West End shortly. Mrs. Cowan Dobson has also struck Mr. Philip de Laszlo as a subject for the portrait-painter and he is obviously right

The Chauve Souris vodka party at the Vaudeville was a cheery success.

It may be ungracious for a guest to say so, but vodka I have always regarded as differing from methylated spirit only in the fact that the latter is nowadays coloured mauve. There was, however, whisky for those who took the safer course. The really wild men could mix the two—and did.

M. Balieff made fewer speeches than usual. But he danced with astonishing vigour considering that large poster in the stalls headed "Women who have played a prominent part in M. Balieff's life." These included, with portraits, the Queen of Sheba, Messalina, Mme. Du Barry, the Pompadour, Cleopatra, Nell Gwynne, Cora Pearl, Ninon de Lenclos, and a round dozen more.

Prodigious!

Idols in Wood:

No. 2. The Man and the Moustache

Two further figures, representing Adolf Hitler and Charlie Chaplin, reproduced from models carved in wood and coloured by hand. The artist who made them is Mr. S. D. Banks. The figures are about twenty inches high and the originals are for sale. "The Bystander" hopes to publish more of this artist's work in future numbers

Delirious Dialogues : No. 7. Jacob Epstein and Laurel and Hardy

Hardy : We're very pleased indeed to find you in, Mr. Epstein.
Laurel : Yes, indeed.
Hardy : We have been trying to meet you for three days.
Laurel : Yes, three days. Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow.
Epstein : You are very welcome. Everybody is welcome. Mrs. Epstein will make you a cup of tea.
Laurel : Not for me, thanks. I'm a tea-totaller.
Hardy : Shut up.
Epstein : Let me see. Have we ever met before?
Hardy : No, Sir. I am Mr. Hardy and this is Mr. Laurel. Laurel is easy to remember, Laurel ever green!
Epstein : Well, what can I do for you? I am very busy.
Hardy : Mr. Laurel and I would like to model for you.
Epstein : I am afraid I am not interested at the moment. I am working on my latest and greatest achievement. The largest statue the world has ever seen. It is a Sun God.
Laurel : We're a couple of stars—couldn't you work us in?
Epstein : I am afraid not. What had you in mind when you called?
Laurel : I thought you might use me for a fairy, and Mr. Hardy here for your next statue of Motherhood. Kiss me, Hardy.
Hardy (with meaning) : Would you mind lending me your mallet for a moment, Mr. Epstein?

The vivid and arresting personality of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton cannot be expressed by any flower better than by the strange bloom of the agapanthus. Her vitality and conversational versatility are not of the stereotyped or conventional kind. Before she married in 1929, Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton was Miss Wanda Holden; she is the daughter of Mr. Norman Holden

Peter North

The FACE and the FLOWER

No. 6.—The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton

Joan Barry

Above: Joan Barry has not been seen by her film public since "Sally Bishop" and "Rome Express." "Springtime for Henry," with which she has been touring, has just paid its last visits, so she will be free to make studio dates again now

Elizabeth Allan

An English Galaxy

Film Stars with British Passports

Right: Madeleine Carroll may be English, but she knows how to wear a fez! She has just started work in the Gaumont-British studios in "I Was a Spy," the film version of Marthe McKenna's book, under the direction of Victor Savile

Above : Margot Grahame's last film appearance was in " Yes, Mr. Brown," with Jack Buchanan, which is now due for release. It has been having a run on Broadway, in New York, so Hollywood will probably be trying to bribe her away from us before long

Above, centre : Elizabeth Allan's passport has taken her to Hollywood, and she is now under contract to M.G.M. Her first film there will be " Service," in which Lionel Barrymore will also have a leading part

Right : Dorothy Bartlam is another young star who will probably go a long way in the film world, whether her passport is visa-ed for America or not. She plays opposite Sydney Howard in his latest film, " Up for the Derby," which is due to be shown before long

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

The Passing Picture Show

Left: Claudette Colbert and Fredric March in "To-night is Ours," the very much Hollywood-ised film version of Noel Coward's "The Queen Was in the Parlour," at the Plaza last week

Below: the American missionary and her captor, the Chinese bandit, General Yen, are star-parts for Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther, of which they both take full advantage, in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," at the Regal

The Play is NOT the Thing

By Sydney Tremayne

THE gauge of a playwright's success, in the past, was the number of his plays running at the same time in London. I believe Mr. Somerset Maugham holds the record. Without uncongenial research in reference books, I cannot give the exact number, but there was a time when Maugham plays occupied the majority of the best "West End" theatres, the most notable actors and actresses, and the most sophisticated audiences. At the moment, there are two films based on plays by Noel Coward being shown in London. *Cavalcade*, which follows faithfully Coward's original script and stage directions, is wholly successful. An affair called *To-night is Ours*, which purports to be the screen version of *The Queen was in the Parlour*, divergating considerably and, I think, disastrously, from the original, fails just because the essential Cowardisms have been extracted or bowdlerised, and the bare bones of a rather silly plot are left unclothed by the delusive wit of the author; which only proves Noel Coward's genius and Hollywood's obtuseness.

STILL, *To-night is Ours* will find a public, in spite of being a very silly film, because it is a "vehicle" in which the passengers are the ornamental and popular stars Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, the latest love team. Obviously the play is not the thing.

Claudette Colbert, adored by the critics, is a practised and soignée seductress on the screen, but she is never for an instant a Royal lady. Yet she is, and presumably will continue to be, cast as historic or imaginary Empresses and Queens—an interesting example of successful miscasting, the triumph of sex-appeal over reason and perception.

Claudette Colbert is eminently suited to play "Mimis" and "Fifis," to confuse the traffic of a boulevard or depress the cushions in a boudoir (adjoining a cabinet-de-toilet); but she is as unconvincing as a Queen in her parlour as Fredric March is as a knave nefariously stealing the tarts or hearts in regal premises. He is a romantic actor whose physical attributes make him a fit subject for close-ups, whether he is wearing a Roman helmet, as Marcus Superbus, or a silk hat (with a short coat!) as Sabien, the Parisian lover of Queen Nadya of Kayria.

THE change of title for this Coward play typifies the changes and vulgarisation of the film version. Essential lines have been cut out, and even the ending has been changed. The lighter touch "so essential to the proper conduct of an improper life"—or superficial comedy—has been lost. The only member of the cast who has any conception of the Coward idiom, and therefore manages to "put over" some of the author's original lines with something of their original intention, is Alison Skipworth. Paul Cavanagh, as the stick-like potential consort, achieves something by speaking English, although, when one remembers (and one does remember) the characterisation, almost caricature, of Herbert Marshall, which made this small part an integral part of the play, one realises how much depends on the personality of an actor. It may be a limitation, but evidently Coward is an essentially English writer, and an indigenous wit. He does not translate well into American.

"THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN" is another film of which a banal and oft-potted plot is entirely subservient to the appeal of the "star." The director, Frank Capra, attempts by means of rather "arty" camera-work to poetise the tritest of themes (Mr. Wu in modern uniform and Mrs. "Gwegowy" turned evangelist), and only succeeds in effecting some blurry close-ups.

Barbara Stanwyck has a poor part as the object of the Europeanised Oriental's dishonourable intentions. She is always a relief on the screen, because her appearance and acting are natural; she approximates to a human being instead of twinkling up above the world so far that one really wonders what they are, those stars—puppets composed of grease-paint, mascara, and white-henna, or inhabitants of some other planet?

The Chinese settings are too elaborately true to the Chinese fiction tradition: bric-à-brac and kimonas confuse the issues and tire the eyes. The best things in the film are the introduction of one realistic character, Jones, the American adventurer, Chancellor of the Exchequer to the bandit General Yen, and the ending of the picture, which makes intelligent use of a post-climax.

But Nils Asther makes a real acting part of General Yen, whose martial activities and ambitions are ruined through his infatuation for the chaste American missionary girl and who drinks his bitter tea and joins his ancestors at the moment of triumph—as far as his amorous intentions are concerned. His manner, voice and make-up are not only in the picture, they are the picture.

After these artificial "popular" films, one can hardly realise that the same medium is employed in the making of *Ekstase*, a recent Czechoslovakian product shown by the Film Society. This is a revelation of the potentialities of filmic art. It might be argued that the action is slow, the method literary rather than dramatic; that there is too much insistence on the inferential, copulative activities of animals, insects, and even plants, but *Ekstase* is a brilliant and beautiful picture. The photography is superb; the theme and personalities absorbing. But I doubt whether the explicit love scenes would "pass the censor," though they are poetically and sculpturally beautiful and, in their frank and truthful exposition, are much less suggestive than the often tawdry and vulgar treatment of sex in American films.

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Caxton

An incident in the match between Ireland and Wales, played at Belfast, showing the Irish forward, Beamish, in white shorts, overwhelmed by force of numbers. Ireland won 10-5

Hampshire beat Lancashire in the final of the County Championship, played at Boscombe, thanks to a flying start, and the picture above shows a Lancashire player securely collared. It was Hampshire's first win

Hampshire Champions for the First Time

The Shamrock beats the Daffodil

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Those Back-Row Forwards

It is but little I repair to matches of the Southron folk, a remark which is doubtless a misquotation from the immortal works of Francis Thompson. I did repair, none the less, to Bournemouth for the final of the County Championship, having decided that another journey across the Irish Channel for the match between Ireland and Wales would be altogether too much of a not-so-good thing.

I was duly rewarded for my sagacity; Hampshire and Lancashire put up a great show, and although Hampshire won their first championship, the spirited Lancashire lads were by no means disgraced. But I propose to digress for a moment, for while in Bournemouth I went to the barber's, and there I heard a young man expounding the theory of Rugby football in an exceedingly loud voice. He was an arrogant and self-satisfied young man—why the barber didn't clap him in the eye with his shaving brush I don't know—but from his singularly unconvincing exposition of the finer points of the game emerged the contention that the attacking side must work its way to within striking distance of its opponents' line by kicking to touch.

Now this would not be worth bothering about, but for the fact that the youth was, to give him his due, an enthusiast and a player of sorts. He was therefore, in a sense, representative of the younger generation, and he had come to the conclusion that orthodox attack was bound to fail. Not an original conclusion, perhaps, but a significant one, and if it is true that the smaller clubs are also suffering from the back-row forward plague—for that is what it amounts to—then Rugby football is indeed in a bad way.

Pondering over this, I went on to see the County match, and here there was another indication of the fact that the game is imperceptibly changing. H. B. Toft, the Lancashire hooker, secured the ball in seven scrummages out of ten, and yet Hampshire managed almost entirely to dictate the run of the play. And this reminded me that one of the Scottish selectors said to me recently: "Ah, but then tight scrummaging is unimportant nowadays."

I'm beginning to fear that he was right; scrummaging is an anachronism, and the cruel part of it is that back-row forwards are responsible for killing it. Why bother about heeling when you know that your halves will be swamped and your attack driven across the field? Isn't it true to say that initiative no longer rests with the team in possession of the ball, but with the men who are forcing their opponents to make the mistakes from which tries are scored?

All this is revolutionary talk, and I detest it, but unless we face the situation now we shall let Rugby football slip through our fingers. I know the Rugby Union are averse from fresh legislation, but I cannot help thinking that the time has come when the activities of the back-row forward will have to be restricted.

I would go even further, so old-fashioned have I become lately, and back up the rather futile circular letter issued by the International Board at the beginning of the season, by additional scrummage laws. To start with, the back-row forward must be kept in his place, and then we must do away with the specialist hooker. We find, for instance, that even so conservative a body as the English Selection Committee leave a vacant place in the team against Scotland, in order to look for a more effective hooker than Gregory. They had to fall back upon Gregory in the end, but the point is that not Gregory, but the English scrummaging, was at fault in the Irish match.

I know I've hammered away at this before, but at the risk of boring you I must repeat—and it cannot be too often repeated—that the old principles of scrummaging still hold good: pack tight and low, get the first shove, and the ball is yours. What is more, the ball will be worth having when the back-row bandits are effectively restrained.

After this outburst, let me return to the County final, and in particular to several likely players of whom we may hear more in years to come. There was Sergeant Boast, for example, a powerful second-row forward, who has the real stuff in him. He has played very little first-class football, but with more experience we shall find him going very near the England side—he has, in fact, already been chosen as a reserve. R. Leyland, a centre from Liverpool University, is another youngster with a future, a lively, resilient three-quarter with an instinct for the game. Then there was J. C. Pank, a scrum-half of the Gadney type, strong and intelligent, and I also liked the look of H. A. Fry, a fast and well-built back-row forward who might well be tried in the front row.

And now a word about the international situation, though I am hardly senior wrangler enough to attempt to disentangle the relative positions of the countries in the mythical and uninteresting championship table. What does matter is that once more the Irish spirit has triumphed against odds, and that at the same time the extraordinary vacillations of the Welsh selectors have led to disaster.

Why, in the name of common sense, did Wales push Wooller out in the wing, when they had wings in plenty but no centres? Wooller is potentially a great centre, and to waste him on the wing seems to me the oddest mixture of folly and illogicality.

The truth of the matter is that, after being unexpectedly beaten by Scotland, at Swansea, the Welsh selectors were panic-stricken, and it can have been no mean panic either which caused them to drop ten men at a blow.

Well, they have paid the price, and their Irish colleagues need search no more this season for the youngsters who are to take the place of some of their veterans. It is undeniable that Ireland are threatened to some extent by senile decay, but while they can still win matches their anxieties are partially lulled, at least.

Accusations and counter-accusations among the Cope Valley Players, an amateur dramatic company, who are composed of John Jessup (Wilfred Babbage), Dicky Lane (Jack Livesey), George McAuliffe (Bernard Nedell), Helen Maxwell (Winifred Evans), Dr. Henry Grace (Robert Horton), Julian Cleveland (V. C. Clinton Baddeley), Maria Scott (Elizabeth Maude), Henry Briggs (Richard Goolden), Carlotta Maxwell (Iris Baker), and Mrs. Montgomery (Nancy Price)

"Who Killed Cock Robin?"

WHO killed Cock Robin? Meaning Hancock Robinson (Kim Peacock), the black sheep of a company of amateurs busily engaged in a costume play to benefit a local hospital.

At the Little (People's National) Theatre, the audience is not only set a pretty problem in crime detection, but invited to commit themselves in writing. Ballot papers are distributed after the second act and the results are read out by Nancy Price at the end of the performance. It didn't surprise me that on the night of my visit, the audience, who looked intelligent enough, were hopelessly wrong. Elmer Rice, who wrote *The Adding Machine, Street Scene,* and *See Naples and Die,* is responsible for *Cock Robin* (in collaboration with Philip Barry), so you don't expect a mere murder-mystery to present any difficulties to a dramatist who flits from Expressionism to farce, and is just as happy with either.

"COCK ROBIN" is adroit, neat, and novel; the comedy, continuously sharpened by the wise-cracks of the American producer (Bernard Nedell), at the expense of his quarrelling pupils, keeps step with the thrills. That is as it should be. Even in the presence of death, laughter, on these occasions, should never be far away.

The only drawback to these spots of fun while the dead man lies, as he fell in the duel scene, and the assembled company walk through their parts in an attempt to reconstruct the crime, is that our attention may be distracted from the problem of spotting the murderer.

It is a tricky business, with many a false scent and a misleading clue. Half a dozen people at least had a motif for wishing the deceased a pain in the elbow, if not a bullet in the heart—or, rather, as it turned out, a dagger in the back.

It looked black in turn for everybody. The heroine (Iris Baker), who was about to ship off to America with the corpse, and marry him when he got his divorce; the sinister solicitor (V. C. Clinton Baddeley), who knew the divorce story to be a lie, because his sister, who had married the villain, had no intention of divorcing him; the heroine's jilted fiancé (Jack Livesey), who was slightly drunk and out for blood; the heroine's doctor-guardian (Robert Horton), who popped a live cartridge into the property pistol; and the girl's mother (Winifred Evans), who mildly confused the issue by calling the Doctor "Edgar" when the programme said his name was Henry. Even the hospital's Lady Bountiful (Nancy Price) was suspect.

WELL, luckily, the imaginary audience went home quickly, nobody came round behind to see what the excitement was about, and the local police, when at last summoned, took a long time in coming. That enabled the company to ape Scotland Yard and suspect each other in turns. I 'm proud to say I guessed who did it and why, partly by applying the Golden Rule (which I cannot divulge for fear of giving away the secret) and partly by snapping up a couple of unconsidered but cunningly "planted" trifles in the dialogue. A capital entertainment, brimful of wit and excitement, well played by the aforementioned, plus Wilfred Babbage, Ronald Simpson as a dire understudy, and Richard Goolden as a frightened and mouse-like stage-manager.

TRINCULO.

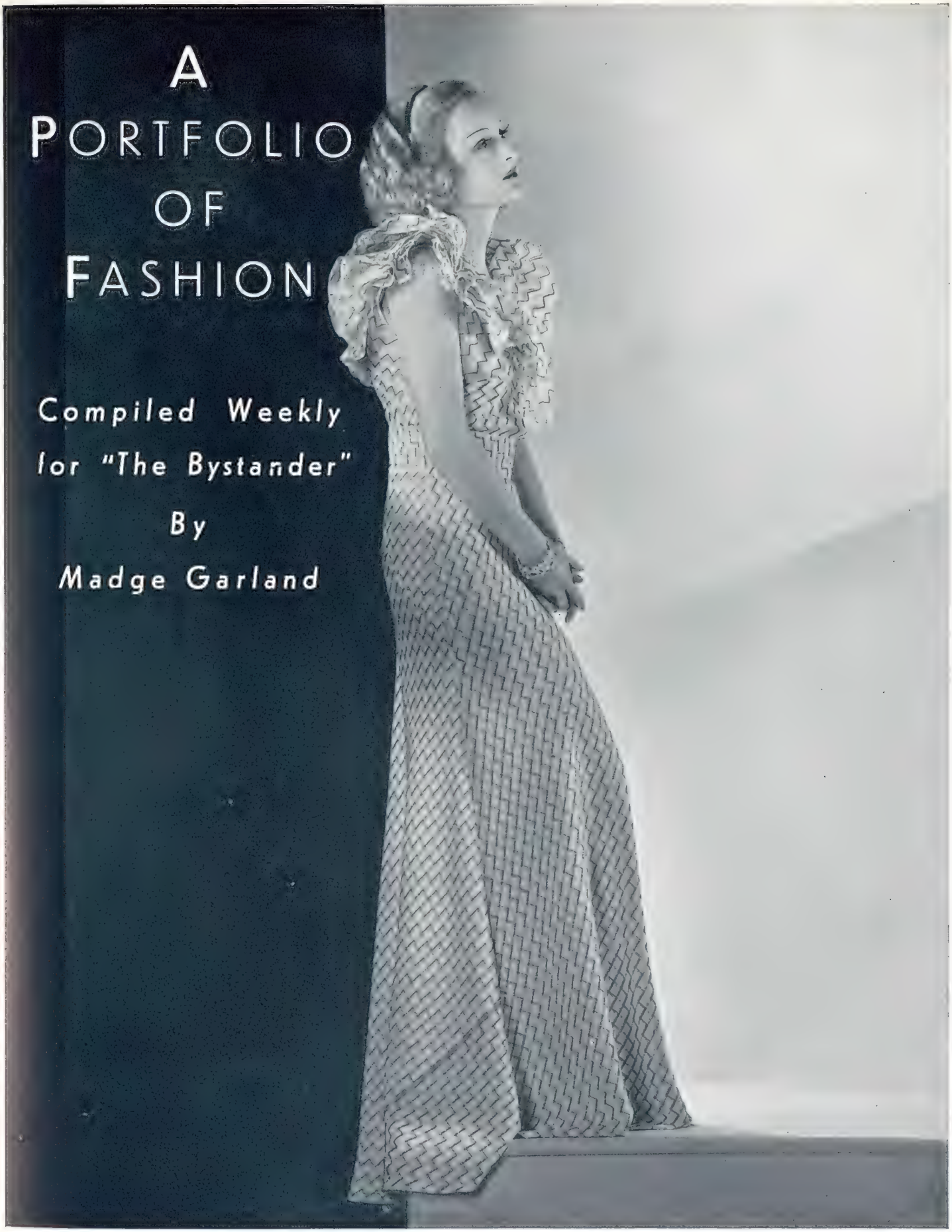
SKETCHES BY ROUSON

Producer George McAuliffe (Bernard Nedell), seen centre, is not happy in his leading man, Hancock Robinson (Kim Peacock), who is seen left, and when that amateur actor resigned, Clarke Torrance (Ronald Simpson), to be observed right, though disliking the man, at once took his part. N.B.—It is Hancock who is murdered, but who did it, we won't reveal

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

By Madge Garland



Hoppé

MISS CAMILLA HORN, who has recently completed a film in England and is now rehearsing another, is an exceptionally lovely blonde. She looks enchanting in her red and white crêpe gown from Debenhams, which has several red and white organdie frills over each shoulder

AN attractive tailor-made from H. J. Nicoll is carried out in navy blue with a blouse and hat of red and white checked gingham. The suit is only 4 guineas and the hat merely one

FOR town wear a coat and skirt of black ciré satin is a novelty. This one comes from Debenhams, is cut on very simple lines, has a white satin blouse and a belt fastened by a glass buckle

ANOTHER suit from Debenhams consists of a black cloth dress and a short coat of the new quilted silk in white, of which the collar on the dress is also made. The buttons are of chromium

FOR cooler days a full-length coat of oatmeal-coloured tweed is useful. This one comes from Debenhams and has a shawl collar trimmed with lynx. The sleeves are puffed below the elbow

AN ensemble from Liberty in two shades of green is carried out in a heavy silk with a diagonal rib. The dress and the three-quarter length coat have incrustations of the lighter green

THIS coat, cut on original lines, comes from Liberty's and is made of striped tweed. It fastens with large buttons on the shoulders, and the wide sleeves have open slits on either side

JERSEY is an unusual material in which to make an evening gown, but this one from Debenhams is carried out in a red and white striped jersey bouclé, and is extremely attractive

FOR the very young girl this inexpensive dress of white organdie from Debenhams would be delightful. The bodice is fitted and the triple shoulder capes tie in a bow in front

RED, white and black silk patterned in zig-zag stripes makes this gown from Liberty. Its fullness is fashionably backward and its black shoulder straps continue into a narrow belt

News for the Not Over-Rich

THIS charming pink satin gown, with its low décolletage outlined by gardenias made of the same material, comes from the Maison Ross in Grafton Street, and is one of many to be found for the uniform price of ten guineas. This gown may be also obtained in other colours. A special department has been opened where the woman of moderate means can be sure of finding an evening gown to suit her for this sum—a low one when the excellence of the materials and cut is considered—and the models include gowns of tulle, chiffon, and lace. Downstairs in the Blue Room simple dresses and sports suits in excellent taste can be obtained for as little as five-and a-half guineas

Books of the Week

Thrillers that are Different: By "Ericus"

THERE is no doubt about it, thrillers are not what they were. Gone are the simple days of blood and thunder. The mixture as before of strong but practically speechless heroism, beauty in distress and clinging garments, inhumanly sardonic villainy and hairbreadth escapes by flood and field demands nowadays an increasingly liberal allowance of jam for its consumption. For "jam" read "characterisation" and there you have the difference between the new thriller and the old. A race of amateur sleuths has arisen, Lord Peter Wimseys, Colonel Gores, and the like, who achieve greatness not by the things they do but by the winsome way they do them; while, on the professional side, the detective inspectors of such old-time epics as "The Bloodstain on the Boulder; or, Did He Fall or was He Pushed?" are transformed into our far more delectable Poirots and Hanauds. Even the real honest-to-goodness shocker cloaks its horrors in a guise of reality and its characters with the qualities of everyday, or, at any rate, every-other-day, people.

E. M. Delafield *Elizabeth Ivimey*

who, in private life, is Mrs. A. P. Dashwood, is a novelist and dramatist of distinction as well as being a J.P. Possessed of a keen sense of humour, this was given full rein in her new sequel novel, "The Provincial Lady Goes Further," and in her comedy, "To See Ourselves," which had a good run at the Comedy Theatre. A new play from her pen, "The Glass Wall," has lately been seen at the Embassy Theatre

AND so with two samples of the modern species I have read this week. In the first, *Ask a Policeman* (Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), John Rode propounds a problem: "Who," in short, "killed Lord Comstock in his study at Hursley Lodge at the time stated and on the date in question?" as they say in the Police Court parlance.

Four amateurs of fiction fling their hats into the ring and the hunt is on. With the ingenious promptings of Dorothy L. Sayers, Anthony Berkeley, Helen Simpson, and Gladys Mitchell, they each carefully work out a solution pointing unmistakably in a different direction. Whereupon, in steps heavy Officialdom, in the shape of Major Littleton, of Scotland Yard, with his abettor, Milward Kennedy, and, after some juggling with the facts which would inevitably evoke cries of "Foul!" at any well-regulated guessing-bee, out comes the true explanation of the crime. In other words, if you want to know the time, or the owner of the blunt instrument, ask a policeman. I should add that, in order to make everything more difficult than it is already, the gifted authors have to play the course with borrowed clubs. Lord Peter Wimsey, for example, is manipulated by Anthony Berkeley, Roger Sheringham by Dorothy L. Sayers, and so on. This book is, perhaps, less a contribution to fiction than an extremely pretty round game for the winter evenings. Play it slowly—you mustn't rush your fences—and you will enjoy it.

THE other sample, *Sweet Danger*, by Margery Allingham (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a tearaway thriller of the old order, but fulfilling the modern requirements of clever characterisation and racy dialogue. You may have some difficulty at first in sorting out Scatty from Sniffy and Guffy from Peaky—everyone seems to have a nickname of this sort—but, having done that and arrived at the Old Mill at Pontisbright, you will find yourself plunged forthwith into a veritable vortex of doggerel clues, title-deeds, long-lost heirs, necromantic doctors, rapid gun-play, and death struggles in the mill-pool under a stormy sky. Miss Allingham has the authentic touch. This is unquestionably the stuff to give us.

AFTER these horrors, may I suggest, as the most soothing of sedatives, *Hedge Trimmings*, by A. G. Street (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Street wrote *Strawberry Roan*, one of the best novels of country life I can remember reading. His new book comprises the random thoughts of a Wiltshire farmer—cheerful thoughts mostly, but with an underlying sadness at the passing of our agricultural prosperity. "We don't realise what a heritage we've got. The land! why, it's our one indestructible asset." At another point he remarks, "I am told that you cannot have a picture of a scent or a sound. Well, I can and do." What is more, he passes on the picture complete to the reader. His description of his farm and its denizens awaiting the dawn is a beautifully vivid piece of work. The kindliness of sunlit pastures permeates this delightful book.

AS subjects for biography, Casanova and Marie Antoinette are, in the language of Hollywood, sure-fire box-office. The only difficulty in the gentleman's case is a little matter of expurgation, of keeping the party clean, so to speak. *Giacomo Casanova* (Peter Davies; 5*s.*) does not pretend to be another contribution to the fierce debate aroused by the memoirs of "The sexual athlete." It is just a concise, straightforward, agreeably penned biography of real interest to the earnest enquirer after one of the most spectacular figures in history. Mr. Bonamy Dobree strikes a skilful balance between Casanova the charlatan, and Casanova the dazzling genius, poet, painter, priest, soldier, doctor—the cherry-stones are endless! "Infamous scoundrel! we will no doubt feel compelled to say; but then, as Volpone did to Mosca, we will cry out, 'My witty mischief, let me embrace thee!' There was so much more in his make-up than the rogue."

"MARIE ANTOINETTE," by Katharine Anthony (Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is a biography on the same lines, except that in her case there is less question of a balance to be struck, nor, indeed, is it attempted. Mrs. Anthony is a wholehearted partisan, but she sifts her evidence with care and makes a most human figure of the ill-starred Queen. She, poor lady, with Maria Theresa for a mother and Louis XVI. for a husband, was certainly grievously overweighted from the very start of life's handicap.

I SEEM to have left myself rather short this week, as the lodger remarked to the landlady. But I suggest the following for your library list:—

We Find Australia, by Charles H. Holmes (Hutchinson; 12*s.* 6*d.*). The tale of a round trip by car, train, ship, and aeroplane, covering over twelve thousand miles and discovering the heart of a continent.

The Mere Living (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a promising first novel, by B. Bergson Spiro. One of those intimate studies of a middle-class family, father, mother, sister, brother, their thoughts and fancies through the routine of a working day. *All Souls' Night* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). A book of first-rate short stories by Hugh Walpole. Meet some old friends, Galleons, Jeremys, Combers, and Herries, and some very new ghosts.

J. E. Tomkinson (left), partnered by R. Harris, who were one of the Woking pairs, were beaten by P. H. F. White and P. B. M. Wallace (Camb.) by 5 and 4

H. M. Bray and D. Gilroy, of Woking, who won their foursome against the Cambridge pair, H. C. Neilson and W. E. Carr, by the substantial margin of 6 and 4

P. B. M. Wallace (Camb.) and Robert Harris (Woking) who played against each other when partnered by J. E. Tomkinson (Woking) and P. H. F. White (Camb.)

W. T. Anderson (Camb.) and Major R. Lambert (Woking) who were opponents in the foursomes won by the Woking pair, 5 and 4

Right: V. Pollock and A. L. Boyd, both of Woking. The former won his match against J. O. Wisdom, and the latter was beaten by R. H. R. McGill

Below: Capt. Douglas Fish (Woking) going to the 3rd green. He lost his match against J. S. Rowell by 4 and 2

G. D. Hannay and E. Martin Smith, who played first pair for Woking and were unexpectedly beaten by K. T. Thomson and G. R. A. Jamieson by 2 and 1. Cambridge won by 10 to 7

Cambridge Golf Triumphant

Woking Beaten at Home

Women's Golf

The London Foursomes at Worplesdon

By
Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

HERE we are, apparently in the midst of summer and, at all events, hurled into the midst of the golfing season. I am writing from Worplesdon, where the London Foursomes are keeping us all on tenterhooks; but before getting on to them I must tell you something about the Sussex v. Kent matches played at Addington. It was the beginning of the summer spell, and the Old Course was so attractive in the morning that the teams chose to play the return match there in the afternoon, instead of crossing over the road to the New.

Two pairs who competed in the London Foursomes: from left to right they are Miss E. Cunningham and Miss Jean Hamilton, of Tandridge, and Mrs. J. Crosthwaite and Miss N. Halstead, of Banstead Downs

Mrs. R. F. Potter and Miss Julia Hill (Burhill) waiting their turn at the 14th tee at Worplesdon, where the London Ladies' Foursomes were played

I'M not quite sure if the other counties altogether approve of Sussex beating Kent twice in one day. Once would have been very pleasant from the Surrey, Hampshire, Middlesex point of view, but twice—that seems to put Sussex a little bit too much up in the world. However, the Sussex Captain, Mrs. V. G. Davies, has certainly every reason to look on that Addington day as remarkably satisfactory. It's no light matter to be County Champion, to be Captain, and to play top of the side against an ex-English champion. Mrs. Davies filled all three rôles so successfully that, in the morning, she actually beat Miss Wanda Morgan one up, and in the afternoon took her to the 16th green. It was the wiles of Addington within three feet of the hole which seemed really to be Miss Morgan's undoing. Her long game was superb; she was reaching all those two-shot holes in two and the heart of the greens at the short ones, but that was unavailing, because two putts refused to be enough. Mrs. Davies putted extremely well. It always gives me a little bit of a fright to see her take back that long-headed wooden putter such an immense distance on the back-swing and then pause completely before she brings it down again, but there is no doubt about it, she got the touch of the greens and Miss Morgan did not, and that was the beginning and the end of it from the Kent point of view. Miss Morgan squared the match more than once, only to throw it away again, and Mrs. Davies did deserve her win. It was a thoroughly exciting morning of it, for everything was square, with Miss Jennings coming up the last hole dormy one, after being five up and six to play, and she won there at last.

Kent were making great experiment with young players. Miss Jennings's opponent was Miss Moss, a sister of the Oxford Captain. She hits the ball a long way and seems to shape very well. So does Miss Fuller, a Sittingbourne discovery, and if you only watch her follow through with wooden clubs, you would pick her out as an absolutely first-class player. But there is something a little wrong on the back swing, the right elbow appearing to have rather too much inclination to hug her waistband. But her short game is good, and she was striking the putts on those difficult greens quite beautifully. Anyway, it was no bad début to beat Mrs. Gallatly 3 and 2, because nobody forgets that Mrs. Gallatly was an Open Championship runner-up when she was Miss Sylvia Marshall. (Of course, having said that to a disciple of the most modern school, I have been sat on and told that it is the last word to be able to hold a handkerchief under your right arm at the top of the back swing. I have always looked on the handkerchief's right place as under the left arm when curing a socket.) At all events, Miss Fuller must get a little more length on to her tee shots, and then perhaps she will fulfil all that Kent hope of her.

In the afternoon, the Kent tail were a little disappointing. Their three top, Miss Morgan, Miss Doxford, and Miss Butler, did nobly for them. Miss Morgan was not going to be caught napping twice in a day, and took it out of Mrs. Davies 3 and 2. Perhaps "took it out" is rather too strong an expression. Mrs. Davies fought very well, but she was never up.

Playing the 15th hole and still going strong: Mrs. A. F. Boyd and Miss Ferelith Low who represented Woking at Worplesdon

EVERYBODY enjoys going to Worplesdon and everybody enjoys the London Foursomes. Some folks' golf in that event was erratic, but on the whole they were more frights than actual surprises which enlivened the first day. Mrs. Garon is said to have evolved a brand-new style for 1933; at all events (and some people think the old was good enough), she and Miss Joy Winn came through the day with colours flying, and so the prophets who foresaw Thorndon Park as the name to decorate the Cup, went home happy. So, with modifications, did supporters of Camberley Heath, although Miss Gourlay had given them some extremely anxious moments. But Miss Chambers was a tower of strength to her in the morning, when Miss Marriage and Mrs. Manvell, for Langley Park, chased them bravely; and in the afternoon, Miss Gourlay contributed some magnificent putting when most needed.

That was against Worplesdon. Mrs. M. L. Clark was once a long handicap at Worplesdon and, now that she is a short one, came back to their rescue, partnered by Miss Peech, the sister of the holder of the President's Putter, who promises to be just as good a golfer as he. But she has come down, and on, at such a rate that, naturally, she lacks experience and can play a good many very bad shots. She can also play some highly promising ones, and there is no end of possibilities about her game, even though many beatings and much disappointment are bound to come her way before she really arrives in the front rank. Mrs. Clark carried her magnificently in the morning, particularly by holing any number of long putts against Moor Park. In the afternoon they both pulled their weight, and Camberley, after being down and up and square, and then down again, only won by 3 and 2 by going off with a sudden burst. Miss Gourlay did her fair share of the work, and there was much pointing of toes at the hole as the putts dropped. But drop they did. The rest next week.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

North v. South at Lytham and St. Anne's

Major John Hind, right, the new secretary of the Worplesdon Golf Club, and Mr. J. McMurray, C.B.E., the retiring Worplesdon Captain, who will shortly be succeeded in office by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

Below: Mr. G. H. Sim and Mr. N. C. Carver (Royal Wimbledon) played against Captain G. F. R. Hirst and Captain Wavell-Paxton (Household Brigade) in a match at Worplesdon

I HAVE just got off a train which arrived at Euston at an incredible hour this morning; mercifully, a kindly railway company allowed me to remain in my sleeper, happily unconscious of my whereabouts, until an hour of which I have just heard . . . but at the other end of the night. I was back in London, having been torn from Lytham and St. Anne's.

I had made the journey north in order to watch a match between mixed teams of amateurs and professionals describing themselves as North versus South. These teams were captained by G. L. Henriques and General A. C. Critchley respectively, and I believe that, owing to a quaint idea of scoring half the number of points for the number of balls in play in any one match, the North won the battle without winning more individual matches than the South. This is, however, of no particular importance, although it is no doubt satisfying to the North: never have players so readily proved by example the truth of the farcical statement which I have so often heard, that the result does not matter—the game is the thing. Everyone on both sides proved themselves to be good winners and good losers; even if, as Archie Compston said, they preferred to be good winners. And, aided and abetted by a benevolent Providence which so decreed that the weather *must* behave itself for such an occasion, and a golf-course so magnificent as Royal Lytham and St. Anne's, everyone on both sides came to the conclusion at the end that never for years had there been such an excellent week-end; not merely for pleasure, but also for golf.

I AM not able, in this journal, to deal exhaustively with the play of individuals in particular events, for there is nothing so stale as yesterday's paper, and by the time these lines appear there will have been several papers from the date of playing. But it should be pointed out that young Harry Bentley covered himself with glory and came out of a stiff ordeal with a deal of credit and an enhanced reputation. He went a long way towards proving that his omission from our Walker Cup side of last year was a more than possible point in the match thrown away, and he should walk into the English side this year and off with a tournament or two. Frankly, he does not look a very good golfer; but who cares as long as he wins the matches? Leonard Crawley scored a good win over J. A. Stout, and deserved to. Without the slightest hesitation, I say that Crawley is a very good golfer indeed, and I am glad to have this opportunity of stating that my doubts last spring about his selection for the Walker Cup team were quite unjustified. Of the professionals, nearly all played well: there was a great single between Archie Compston and George Duncan, which the Scotsman playing for the North won from the Northerner playing for the South by a single hole: in this match Duncan played magnificent shots to the green and putted very badly, and so might have won without any strain at all; but Compston played by no means ill, and was really terribly unlucky on the greens, so he also might have won the match with ease: which all goes to show what a good game it was for the spectators to watch. At the dinner later in the day, we had the delightful experience of listening to George Duncan, who, on the greens, jumps the ball well out of the hole, telling Percy Alliss, who rolls it well wide, to get down to it and practise putting for all he is worth, preparatory to the Ryder Cup and the Championship. But George Duncan is right: intensive practice on the greens might well make Percy Alliss the best golfer in all the world: he has got everything else. In fact, he is so good that he can still do the most incredible scores, in spite of his putting: if he could putt like Francis Ouimet, you could have your Bobby Jones, but my money would be on Percy Alliss every time.

THE very fact that George Duncan started in to tell Alliss that he ought to practise is an illuminating sidelight on the value of these matches. Quite apart from the interest in the matches themselves, which is considerable, and the value to amateur and professional alike of getting really good competitive golf at a season when golf would normally merely be an anticipatory thrill, the games and the dinners allow men from the North, the Midlands, and the South to get to know each other. The value of this may not be at once obvious to those who have not played on any team but let me say that if, when you are selected, you find that you already know by their Christian names the others of the party, you are starting with a practical certainty that the team is going to pull together and be a happy crew: without this there can be none of that esprit de corps, which is just as essential to the success of a team of golfers as to a team at any other game.

I HAVE previously stated that golfers, paid and unpaid, owe a great debt of gratitude to General Critchley. They do, and they know it, and they want to make what return is in their power, but perhaps they do not quite know how to start; here's an idea. Why should they not do what he suggested at the dinner—why not practise, why not work so hard that the Ryder Cup and the Championship come home and stay home? I know of nothing else that could give him greater pleasure.

THE Committee and the members of the Royal Lytham and St. Anne's Golf Club went out of their way, in small things and in big things, to try to anticipate every wish of the players, amateur or professional. In this they handsomely succeeded, and the welcome was more than appreciated. A notable and noticeable fact was that nearly all the members preferred to give up their own games for the pleasure of watching individuals in the match: and others, to the tune of many hundreds, turned up to watch the games. I could not help thinking of southern clubs: would a week-end match of a similar type be so popular with the members of most London clubs? I doubt it, and more shame to them because I doubt it: there should be no doubt at all.

Golfers are inclined to be very selfish and very stupid. It is in the opportunities for competitive play and practice which these matches offer that our best chance for the Championship lies.

Do we want to win the Walker Cup, the Ryder Cup, the Open Championship back from America? The North and the Midlands certainly do.

A Racing Reverie

Enter Flat-Racing

By "Regular"

HERE we are again; flat-racing is once more with us. The Jumping girls will take their high-necked sweaters, bow-legged horses, and their young heroes off to such places as Hawthorn Hill, Plumpton and Chelmsford; cigars take the place of straws in the mouths of our Regulars, and the Park courses take on an air of increased affluence.

I AM not altogether sure I welcome the change. I love the Jumping crowd. Hardly any of them have a "tosser," but they're desperately keen. They go racing 'cos they love it, and not because there may be a man with a camera lurking about the place.

FROM now on, your "lovely" will be ringing you up and requesting to be taken to Hurst Park, instead of the Ritz—far more expensive, and apt to end in a row if you put her on a couple of losers. She pays you the compliment of thinking you KNOW the winner of every race, and should your selection finish down the course, she is rather apt to say you did it on purpose—"Just because I spoke to another man for two minutes."

No man should ever be allowed to marry unless he has taken the girl racing at least three times, and not unless one of these days was a wet one, all the favourites got beaten, and they did their boots in. If they are even dining together that night and neither has a black eye, and both have the same number of teeth they started the day with, then they should be given the Blessing of the Church, a special licence, and a lot of wedding presents, because theirs is a union which should endure for all time.

Right: the Countess de Pret-Roose is seen talking to Major "Fruity" Metcalfe and Major Carlos Clarke in the paddock at the Wolverhampton Meeting

Below: Mr. Harry Brown and Lord and Lady Delamere were three more at the Wolverhampton Steeplechase Meeting last week

Up at Wolverhampton

BEFORE these lines appear in print we shall have seen Sandown transformed into Poodlefake Park, which is another way of saying that the Grand Military will have taken place.

AT this meeting we see gathered together on a racecourse more people who don't know which end of the horse to avoid than at any other place, Ascot, of course, always excepted. The crowd is enormous, and the accommodation totally inadequate, but, having parked your car in a place it would have tested the powers of the late Mr. Houdini to have got out of, you proceed to enjoy yourself.

WHEREAS Cheltenham is attended by people who know everything there is to know about a horse, and who, when they're not on one are talking about one, the Grand Military crowd are the people who, when you see them steeplechasing, tell you "This isn't their cup of tea"; at Ascot proclaim how nice it would be if there weren't any horses; say Lord's is ruined because of the cricket; and express a dislike for "tea-fights" when you see them at a garden party. I suppose they're frightfully keen on something.

NONE of these disparaging remarks is levelled at Sir Peter Grant Lawson and his brother-officers, who provide the fun—for those who aren't too bored to watch.

THE standard of riding amongst one hundred per cent. amateurs (I have to be so careful to put in the 100 per cent.) has never been higher than it is at present. They're not Billy Stotts and Billy Specks when it comes to riding a finish, but the majority of them are excellent horsemen, and they are as brave as ten lions.

THIS is a great week indeed, and many who, like a well-known Baronet I met at Cheltenham, have been waiting for the flat before they speculated again, will be keeping a bookmaker once more.

THERE are two schools of thought amongst the racing community: those who are waiting to get it back on the flat, and those who are waiting to get it back over the jumps.

ALMOST my first bet was, I think, half-a-crown on Pretty Polly, in the Gold Cup, when she was beaten by Bachelor's Button. I was about seven at the time, and I took my loss very much to heart, and was inconsolable till I heard the comforting words of our coachman, who had done the commission: "Don't cry, Master ——, it'll all come back over the sticks." I have been chasing that half-crown a good many years now.

No one except the needy and greedy or very foolish will go to Lincoln, but no one who can scrape together the odd tenner will miss Liverpool. Thank heaven I'm not paid to give you winners, and I wouldn't promise to give you the winner of the Lincoln in a dozen picks, but if Link Boy is half the horse he was when he won at Doncaster prior to being made a screaming favourite for the Cambridgeshire, he'll trot up.

HOWEVER nice your home may be, you want a change sometimes. If I were a horse there is no place I'd sooner live at than Manton. So thought Link Boy for the first few years. After that time he got sick of the sight of the place; but now that he has gone to live with Mr. Armstrong, in Yorkshire, I am quite prepared to find him as happy as a king, and ready to win races again.

Now for the National, and if the winner doesn't come from Golden Miller, Heartbreak Hill, Society, Remus, Coup de Chapeau, Egremont, Annandale, or Pelorus Jack you can—no, on second thoughts, you can't.

HERE are a few reasons for wishing all of these the very best of luck. All the world loves a good horse, and all the world would love to see Golden Miller win. Old Oireland would go stark, staring, raving mad if Heartbreak Hill won. We have most of us exhausted our superlatives over Mr. Shakerley, a grand sportsman, who, when his horse makes a mistake, blames himself. We'd give *him* a reception. Frank and Tommy Morgan, and Mr. Berry are as popular a trio as I could name jumping—come on, Remus! "Dick" Thorold and Eric Stedall wouldn't find many people refusing to come to their party at the Adelphi afterwards, if Coup de Chapeau does the trick. Egremont's jockey, Edward Paget, is the most popular member and the finest advertisement the Stock Exchange ever had. "Rattle" Barrett, who saddles Annandale, is the most popular trainer in England, while "Billy" Stott, who rides Pelorus Jack, is the most popular steeplechase jockey we have ever had.

Air Travel Cheaper and Safer: By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Rand Hunt Club meets at Baragwanath Aerodrome, Johannesburg. Several members have arrived from a distance by air-taxi, which is, appropriately enough, a Fox Moth. The local Aero Club, the Polo Club, and the hunting people propose to join forces for the purposes of sport, using the aerodrome as headquarters

Ten Million Miles by Air

A FEW weeks ago, the fleet of Imperial Airways completed 10,000,000 miles of flying. In the nine years since the Company was formed as an amalgamation of several competitive air lines, the length of its routes has increased from just over 1000 miles, all within Western Europe, to more than 12,000 miles, serving three continents and linking up nineteen countries. The first machines on the London-Paris route carried two passengers, and were converted war types, rather noisy and generally uncomfortable. To-day the whole of the Company's routes are equipped with aircraft that merit the description of liners, 38 passengers being carried in Pullman comfort on the European services by the Handley-Page "Heracles" class, 15 across the Mediterranean by the Short "Scipio" flying-boats, 18 from Cairo to Karachi by the "Hannibal" class, which is the Handley-Page *type coloniale*, and 9 on the African route by the "Atalanta." No details are available so far concerning the two Short land-planes ordered for the London-Paris service except that they will be similar to the "Scipio" boats with accommodation for thirty-eight passengers. This is the first occasion that Short Brothers, the world-famous firm of flying-boat constructors, have tackled a land machine. In the early days a crew consisted of the pilot only, whereas the present types carry three or four, including a first officer, wireless operator and steward, or, in the case of short-distance lines like those from London to the Continent, two stewards, the pilot and first officer being personally in direct touch by wireless with ground stations and other aircraft.

The central figure, Prince Ali Khan, son of H.H. the Aga Khan, has been flying recently in India. Our picture was taken at Karachi when he left India by Imperial Airways' westbound service

Passenger Insurance Reductions

AIR travel by the British lines has proved itself to be as safe as that by land or sea, and the Company's passengers are to benefit through a striking reduction in insurance rates. Accident policies have been arranged at one shilling per £1000 per day, which compares with a premium of twelve shillings for the same cover a few years ago. On the journey to India, for example, the premium by air for £2000 is fourteen shillings, instead of £7-odd under the old rates, and in this case it is even less than the rate for surface transport, which works out at sixteen shillings. The speed of the air-way and the security offered for the transport of fragile, perishable or valuable cargo have long been recognised by lower insurance rates than those operating for services on land or sea, but these have not applied to passengers until the present agreement was concluded with the British Aviation Insurance Company and a group of Lloyd's underwriters.

The Cost of Flying There

IN addition to cheap insurance, air travel offers a saving of time which is worth a varying amount according to the importance of the individual, a saving in incidental expenses of a journey, such as taxis and tips and, what is more important, a ticket the price of which includes hotels and meals en route, either in the air or on the ground. A London business man, who had contracts to secure and representatives to meet in the Near East and in Africa as far south as the Union, decided to make the journey by air instead of by ship and train, which had been his former method of travel. A few comparative facts and figures are interesting, because, he concludes, "on all counts the air tour scores . . . and you return with more business in your books than you could possibly hope for if you failed to invoke the assistance of air transport." The air journey occupied 60 days with visits to ten countries, and a total distance covered of 20,000 miles. The cost was £300 as compared with £360 for the land and sea journey taking 180 days, so that there was an actual saving in cash of £60, and in time of four months, the value of which might be anything from £3 a day upwards. He found that customers were impressed by the fact that he had arrived by air, business was concluded more rapidly in consequence, and the escape from the heat and dust of a land journey meant that he arrived at each of his many destinations ready for work without the usual day's rest.

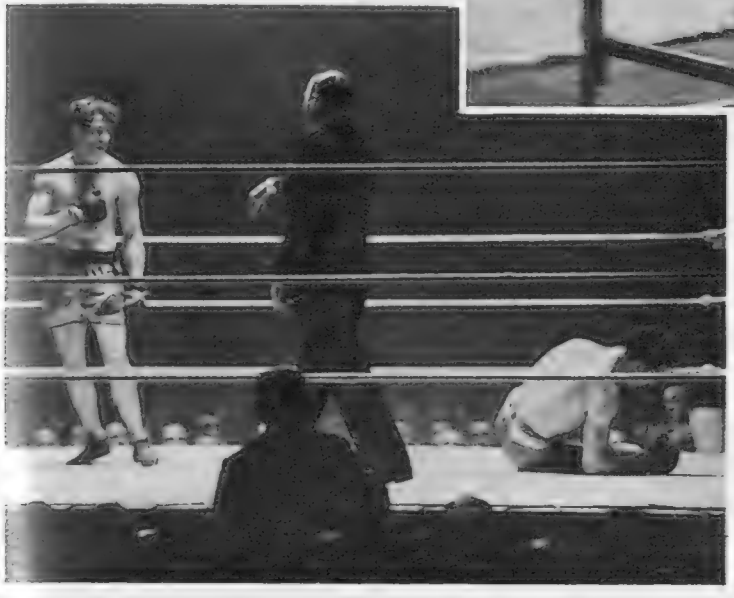
The Trend of the Trade

CANADIAN AIRWAYS have ordered two Fox Moths for work in the North-West Territories and the Arctic, both machines to be operated on floats and skis according to season. The Scottish Motor Traction Company, which owns six Fox Moths, has ordered eight more of this type, together with five twin-engined Dragons and a Tiger Moth. Brian Lewis' Company, which holds the agency for de H. products in the North and East of England, Scotland and Ireland, has appointed Flight-Lt. Christopher Clarkson as general manager, Mr. Dudley Page being sales manager at Heston, and Mr. W. Gairdner in charge at Hooton Park. Flight-Lt. Clarkson is one of the finest aerobatic pilots in England, and has been manager of Selfridge's aviation department for some years.

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"



The audience at the Albert Hall recently witnessed some disappointing fights when the verdict was a disputed draw. On the left is an incident in one of them, showing Len Harvey, on the left, knocking down Eddie Phillips

The Oxford team practising for the University Sports, which took place last Saturday, at the White City. C. S. Stanwood and A. G. Pilbrow are seen in action

I SUPPOSE there has never been a more disappointing fight than the recent heavy-weight business between Don McCorkindale and Walter Neusel at the Albert Hall. I must admit that I had looked forward to it with some anticipation, for both these heavy-weights are good men, and both are capable of clever boxing as well as dour fighting.

Apparently I was not the only spectator looking forward to a rousing contest, for the Albert Hall was packed from floor to ceiling. This makes it all the more deplorable that the affair should have been such a dire fiasco. It is difficult to explain actually what happened; the first round was lively enough, and McCorkindale looked an easy winner all over. Young Neusel has no sort of defence to a straight left, and it was obvious that McCorkindale knew this and intended to profit by it, and then, when he had put Neusel down with a splendid right hook, for some extraordinary reason he shut up shop entirely and allowed Neusel to recover and force the pace.

THE whole thing was ludicrous, first because it is difficult to believe that so experienced a boxer as McCorkindale would willingly throw away so obvious an advantage, and secondly because the verdict of a draw was entirely unsatisfactory. I happened to be sitting near Lord Tweedmouth, of the British Boxing Board of Control, and I know that he was worried by the decision. These drawn fights are invariably disappointing, and it is hard to see how, on a strict assessment of points, a draw is ever likely to occur. Certainly the B.B.B.C. might issue an instruction to their referees that a clear-cut verdict one way or the other must always be found. At any rate, I am convinced that contests of this kind do a great deal of harm to boxing; I know I came away from the Albert Hall determined that I would never again waste my time at a fight in which either McCorkindale or Neusel was concerned, and I am quite sure this was the feeling in the minds of the majority of spectators.

Both boxers, incidentally, have made various excuses for their poor showing, but it is difficult for them to convince us that even illness could cause them to forget so completely all they ever knew about ring-craft and the science of boxing.

HAVING got that off my chest, we now come once more to the body-line bowling bogy. I see that Larwood has been giving vent to his feelings about his treatment in Australia, and by all accounts we may reasonably sympathise with him. What does worry me, however, is the reported statement by Mr. A. W. Carr, of Nottinghamshire fame, that he proposes to use Larwood and Voce for leg-theory work in the County Championship this summer. Mr. Carr is a shrewd and courageous captain, and there is nothing in the laws of cricket to prevent him making what experiments he pleases with his bowlers in this way. On the other hand, it is obvious that this body-line stuff would make first-class cricket even duller than it already is, and that would be a tragedy horrible to contemplate. If County cricket is to live—and there are signs that its hold on life is none too secure—the last thing any captain should do is to encourage tactics which will close the road to all-round scoring and attractive batsmanship.

I hope, therefore, that the interview with Mr. Carr was not entirely accurate, or, if it was, that Mr. Carr will reconsider his decision by the time Notts open their County programme.

NOW I would like to draw your attention to an organisation which is doing a great deal to help boys from the poorer parts of London. Many of us have enjoyed the spirited boxing promoted by the Federation of London Boys' Clubs, and I have before me an appeal by an association of young business men, who are working in co-operation with the Federation, for any usable sports gear and equipment. If, therefore, any of my readers have old kit or equipment of any kind which they could spare, they would be putting it to very good use if they would send a post-card to L. C. Alpe, Esq., Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, W.C.1, who will arrange to have the material collected. If, on the other hand, they would prefer to send anything direct, would they address it to C. Alan Newbery, Esq., 185, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.?

FINALLY, I should like to say something about the Boat Race, which will so soon be upon us, but, as I write, it seems a little unfair to pass any judgment on Oxford, who have been disorganised by illness. The experts tell me, however, that Oxford should have their fastest crew since 1923, which sounds promising. Unfortunately—and from this word you will see where my sympathies lie—Cambridge are alleged to have a crew of phenomenal pace. A great deal of this is due, I believe, to Frame-Thomson's work at stroke, though whether he will be as effective in the actual race as Luxton, his predecessor, remains to be seen. At the moment he does seem to impart splendid rhythm to his crew, and there is no question whatever but that the Cambridge boat runs extremely fast. I am afraid all this makes rather disquieting reading for Oxford's supporters, but it is still possible that Cambridge may go stale. They are already extremely advanced in their preparation, and Mr. Escombe, who is in charge of them at Putney, will have to hold them back rather carefully. Oxford, on the other hand, have plenty of leeway to make up, and they can stand any amount of hard work. They should, in fact, run perfectly into racing trim by the time of the race, so that we need not abandon hope yet awhile.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

INTEREST in the Grand National of 1933 is already in evidence: entry forms are being sent out and the first heats will be run at the White City on May 27th. The Final is to be run on June 10th, and the White City ought to be crowded on that evening, for the popularity of hurdle races is well established with the greyhound racing public, and this, the final of a race which has attracted the entry of all the very best hurdlers in the country, is one of the most popular evenings of the greyhound racing year. It is very hard to beat the spectacle of four dogs racing neck and neck and taking the hurdles in their stride in such a manner that it appears to impede their speed not one jot. Personally, I do not think there is any spectacle to be compared with it, especially when dogs such as Long Hop, the winner of last year's race, are in action.

Speaking of Long Hop, he has been resting for several months and is now reported to be very fit. He is a few pounds overweight, a detail which will soon be remedied when he gets into training, and he should have a good deal to say about the result of the race at the White City on June 10th.

Commer, the famous hurdler of the Hall Green track, Birmingham, has been sent south from the Midlands, and is being trained by Reynolds at Northaw. He is almost certain to be entered for the race, and may give Long Hop some trouble when the classic event comes along.

ACTIVITIES at Northaw are on the increase, and greyhound racing is now old enough for an intriguing situation to arise. I am referring to the possibility of champion greyhounds finding their records challenged and perhaps beaten by their offspring. Nearly a hundred puppies have arrived at Northaw during the past few days and they come from the most famous of greyhound stock. Some investors are amusing themselves by laying wagers that these youngsters will be better than their parents.

Melksham Tom—A Famous Greyhound

This statuette of Melksham Tom, the fastest dog of his period and one of the most successful sires, was presented by the National Greyhound Racing Society of Great Britain to Mr. Henry Sawtell, the retiring Senior Steward of N.G.R. Club, as a token of their regard and appreciation of his services during his four years of office

GREAT interest is already aroused in the first litter of Mick The Miller and Wallasey Flyer, and in four puppies from the same sire as Wild Woolley, one of which is the image of this famous Derby winner. This litter was sired by Hautley out of Silent Lassie, winner of the Coronation Stakes at Wembley in 1930. Wild Woolley himself was sired by Hautley out of Wild Witch, a litter sister to Silent Lassie. The names of these puppies are Gifted Rival (this is the dog which so resembles the famous Wild Woolley), Graceful Recline, Glowing Ruby, and Good Resolution. No less important are the ten months' old bitches of Mick The Miller and Tempestuous. This latter bitch was originally owned by Lord Tweedmouth, and is a litter sister to Tall Boy, winner of the Lonsdale Cup of 1929 and 1930. They are in charge of Harris at Northaw, and their names are Green Ribbon, Good Reaction, Gorgeous Raiment, and Glowing Response. From a Melksham bitch — Elaine — come five puppies sired by Highlander, a hurdler who won the Welsh Grand National in 29·54 seconds, and who finished first past the post in half his total outings. His puppies show signs of inheriting hurdling instinct. The two dogs of this litter are named Gambler's Reward and Gambler's Regret, and the three bitches are Gwen's Refusal, Good Repairs and Garland Rose.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

ARE YOU *MADE-UP*?

The Application of Cosmetics Should Be, Above All Others, An Art Which Conceals Art.

THE obvious is always a little vulgar as well as trite: a mask-like face, evidently covered with what we call "make-up" and our fathers called "paint," is seldom, if ever, beautiful, no matter how symmetrical or "finely chiselled" the features underneath. The object of blatant cosmetics is a mystery to me, not because I am innocent (synonym for ignorant!), but because I know a certain amount about average male and female reactions. If a too-obvious make-up is an advertisement, it can only announce a lack of real beauty, a lack of fastidiousness, a lack of intelligence. If it is a disguise, it too patently emphasises the dermatological blemishes and signs of age and fatigue it is designed to conceal.

As a beauty fanatic (fanatic=English for "fan"!) I have another more urgent objection to heavy make-up. Layers of cream and powder inevitably clog the pores of the skin, provide a breeding ground for baccilli and, ultimately, ruin even the healthiest and most beautiful natural complexion.

THIS may seem to be a curious preamble to an advocacy of beauty preparations which come within the category of cosmetics. Let me explain.

The ideal base for powder is impalpable and protective. In the course of extensive and experimental investigation I have never found anything to equal Cyclax Day Lotion in the fulfilment of these two essentials. For an oily or normal skin there is the Blended Lotion; for a dry skin the Sunburn Lotion. Applied sparingly with the finger-tips, and gently dried off with a soft towel or tissue, it leaves the skin looking mysteriously fresher and fairer—mysteriously, because there is no appearance of a liquid powder having been used, none of the heavily matt look which emphasises wrinkles and the pores of the skin, none of the taut and dry feeling so often engendered by cosmetics. Cyclax Day Lotion is the perfect base for powder because it is lasting, and entirely obviates the necessity for those devastating re-applications of cream and powder during the day, which prevent the natural action of the pores, invite deposits of dirt and infection, and darken and coarsen the complexion.

POWDER, lightly dusted over the face after Cyclax Day Lotion has been applied, constitutes a delightfully fresh and natural finish. Add rouge and lipstick "to taste" and you have a perfect make-up without looking "made-up"! Cyclax lotions, powders and rouges are made in every shade to suit the complexions and *genres* of individual clients.

Apart from its cosmetic value, the Cyclax Lotion is actually beneficial to the complexion, and a skin treated in this way will not only remain fresh and fair and youthful for a day, but through the years.

CYCLAX could not and would not solicit and publish "testimonials," but a list of their clients, many of them world-famous beauties whose lovely and youthful complexions are the subject of gossip columnists' comment and personal admiration, would be an impressive advocacy of these delightful and scientific beauty preparations. The Cyclax booklet, *The Art of Being Lovely*, gives much invaluable information and advice, and will be sent to all applicants.

On Left:

A three-piece Locknit Pyjama Suit consisting of trouser, sleeveless blouse, and coat with cape sleeves. The blouse is in a contrasting colour, and all are embroidered in Chinese design. This garment is suitable for beach or sleeping wear.
Blue/yellow, Navy/White, Yellow/blue, Sky/pink. **42/-**

On Right:

A Beach Dress in very heavy tweed linen, this garment is worn over a bathing costume and takes the place of a beach suit, and fits all figures, having a wrap-over skirt and held round neck with slotting.
In two colours, such as white/green, white/blue, white/rose. **98/6**

Lingerie Salon: First Floor.

By Appointment

In anticipation of EASTER.

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The New Steel for Irons: By "Veritas"

THE perennial topics of golf live and die and come to life again. Argument waxes and wanes; one school of thought challenges another; a small minority waxes vociferous, while the influence of the larger majority appears to languish in apparently silent apathy. It is not my purpose once again to raise the Hickory v. Steel controversy. Undoubtedly the best hickory shafts are magnificent, but they are almost impossibly hard to obtain and even harder to match up into a graded, balanced and related set. But the new type of steel shaft especially designed for iron clubs has reached all that perfection, and more. To such an extent is this the case that readers of THE BYSTANDER will be interested in reports by players of golfing ability sufficient to make them authoritative, both from the point of view of scratch and plus players, as well as their longer-handicap brethren.

To begin with, this new "Master" steel shaft for irons does send the ball not only further, but a good deal further. Technicalities can be tiresome, but one technicality is definitely interesting. For the makers of these steel shafts were not satisfied that their earlier products applied the maximum possible amount of power that they could and should apply to a golf ball when it was hit. The fault could not lie with the quality of the steel alloy used, and only experiment could bring improvement.

And so they experimented and went on experimenting until they discovered that if the point of whip, or "power spot" was placed higher, a greater length of the shaft would come into propulsive action, so that an increase of hitting force became purely automatic. The difference is instantly apparent to a player using one of these shafts for the first time.

INDEPENDENT opinions on these new shafts will interest golfers of all handicaps, and it is instructive to be able to quote two.

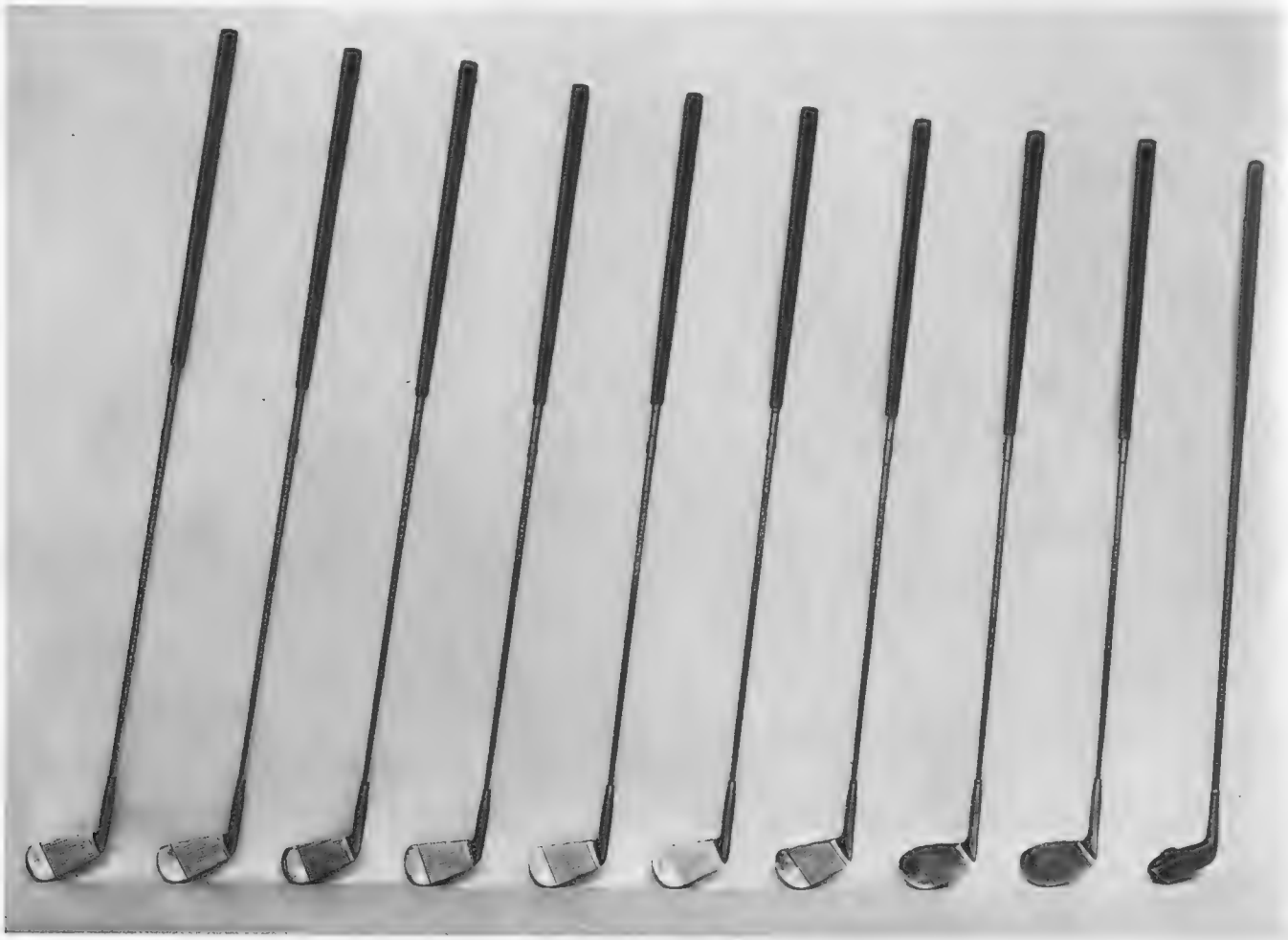
"I have tried the True Temper Master Shaft, and before I say anything about it I must confess that I expected to find something very similar to all other steel shafts. There is no doubt in my mind, however, that this new shaft is a very definite improvement on anything which I have tried before.

"It seems to give one the feel of a good hickory shaft without losing the advantages peculiar to steel. There is a delightful feel about a club fitted with the True Temper Master Shaft. The balance of the club could not be bettered, and the sweetness of feel, so much sought after by golfers of all degrees of skill and physical strength, is present to a surprising extent.

"I am always very sceptical when it is suggested to me that a certain club or a certain shaft will enable me to drive the ball farther than any other, but I confess that it appeared to me that the ball was going farther and was more easy to control with the True Temper Master Steel Shaft than with anything with which I have yet played."

"I have been trying a set of graded iron clubs with the latest True Temper Master Shafts, and my opinion, as an eight-handicap player, is that they are a definite advance on the old type of steel shaft. The ball seems to go sweeter off the club face, and there is far less of that harsh feeling which is the result of a badly hit iron shot. The shafts I have been playing with are of the 'whippy' grade, yet, although they are resilient, there is no excessive 'give.' As regards length, my impression is that they are definitely more powerful—I have even noticed this as regards the No. 7 and the No. 8. I do not think anyone could wish for nicer shafts."

IT would seem that this new "Master" steel shaft for irons has come not only to stay, but will gradually displace all its predecessors. The legalisation of the use of steel for golf shafts has certainly brought into being a new industry, which, since that time, has expanded and developed wonderfully. The "Master" shaft is its latest and best development, and if it makes easier the fascinating but exasperating game of golf, as seems likely, it will bring balm to the souls of thousands of sufferers. For golfers suffer more in the interests of their favourite game than the devotees of any other sport.



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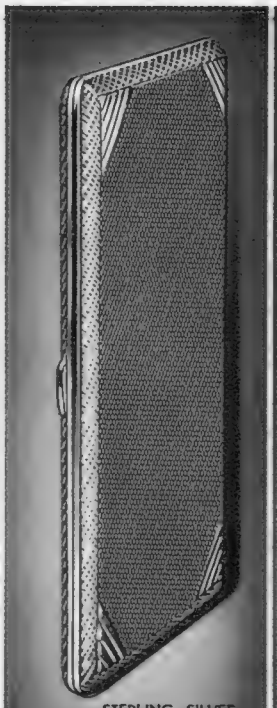

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The Doggy World

The Guard Dog: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM continually receiving enquiries on the subject of how to make a dog a good guard. Not long ago I received a letter from a lady who owns an Airedale, which suffered from hysteria some months since.

She told me that she was very anxious to teach this dog to bark at strangers and to be a guard, and that it never barked when people came to the house. Now this question is a difficult and stormy one, for, naturally, people who live in lonely places like to feel that a dog will protect them and keep away undesirable visitors. But a dog that has once suffered from hysteria is not at all a suitable animal to teach to bark or to guard, for, ten to one, he will start being hysterical again. You want a very calm dog if you really intend to start teaching it to be a trained guard dog.

YOU see, we in the Alsatian world mean something very definite when we talk of a dog as "P.D.," which, being interpreted, means "Police Dog." We mean a dog that will attack an undesirable person, but not unless directly ordered to do so; that will guard that person, without biting, unless he tries to escape, and that will give tongue when told to, and stop when told to. He will also guard a purse, or any object which is put in his charge. But this desirable consummation is not arrived at without much specialised training, and the finished product is a very wonderful thing, not lightly to be acquired by any individual, any more than is a revolver.

But the ordinary "guard dog," while less trained, can be produced without so much trouble. You should never train a dog to bite, because, unless you know the correct method, it is dangerous; it is sufficient to teach him to bark. I do not advise a very highly strung show dog, for that ends in disaster.

As a matter of fact, the appearance of a dog is often sufficient to keep away tramps and other people of that description, without the dog being dangerous to tradesmen. A trained Alsatian (that is, a properly trained one) will pay no attention to a tradesman, because he knows that it is not his business to do anything "on his own," unless, of course, it is after dark. I would never turn Susie into the garden when it was dark unless I suspected that somebody was there who shouldn't be. If there was anybody there, she would go up and "bay" them, without doing anything else; but if they attacked me she would bite them—on the arm.

A Police-Trained Alsatian

Tim of Tulchan giving a demonstration of how, at the word of command, he has been taught to tackle an undesirable character, who, for the purpose of the trial, has been padded for protection

YOU must always remember that it is a dog's delight to have a bite, and that it is the last thing that he should be taught. With us, we teach the dog to do "escort" without ever allowing him to bite at all. Later on he is taught to bite, when, and if, necessary.

But you can see that it is not quite as simple as it sounds to teach a dog to be a good "guard." There is a society which caters for all breeds and holds training classes to teach owners how to train their dogs. It is the Associated Police and Army Dog Society, of which the secretary is Mrs. Howard, Little Tangley, Wonersh, Guildford.

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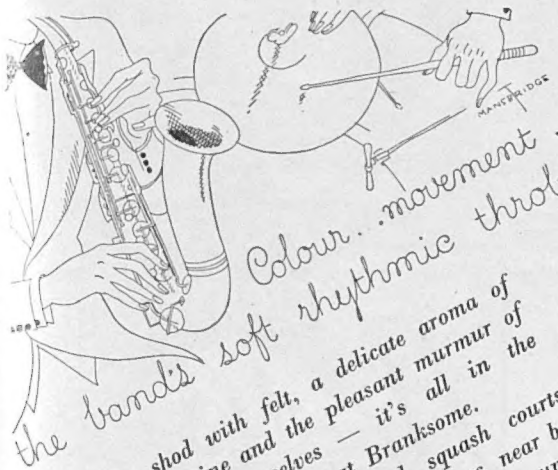

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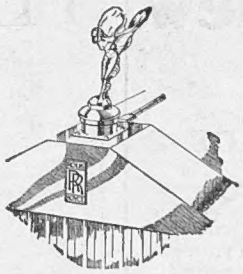

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